

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 1992 • \$4.95

**DEATH IN OUR
SCHOOLS:
PLAYBOY
INTERVIEWS
JONATHAN
KOZOL**

**GIRLS OF THE
BIG EIGHT**

**THE SINISTER
WORLD OF
CHARLES
KEATING**



**FIASCO IN
PALM BEACH
FEMINIST
DOGMA
ON TRIAL**



PLAYBOY®

vol. 39, no. 4—april 1992

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Big Eight

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High Court

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Country Stock

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Fashion Forecast

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COVER STORY

Playmate Wendy Kaye invites you to meet middle America's stunning student body—the *Girls of the Big Eight*. Our cover was designed by Assistant Art Director Kristin Korjenek, styled by Lee Ann Perry and shot by Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley. Wendy's hair was styled by John Victor; her make-up by Pat Tomlinson. Thanks to Swatch for Wendy's watches, Belle Pointe for her sweater and M. A. Rabinowitz for her G string. Three cheers for the Rabbit!



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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ROBIN WILLIAMS

Contributing Editor Lawrence Grobel's *Playboy Interview* with Robin Williams (January) is a start-to-finish masterpiece. It reveals the brilliance of Williams' free-flowing consciousness.

Thanks also for asking Williams his opinion of the pro-life movement and the abortion issue. My own thought is that we need to develop a technique for a fetal transplant operation. That way, when a woman with an unwanted pregnancy seeks an abortion, a female pro-lifer could step forward and volunteer to take the fetus into her own body, birth it and give it a home.

Jim Palmer

Clarkston, Washington

Brilliant idea, Jim. We hope that pro-choice and pro-life advocates, as well as medical researchers, take heed.

ARNOLD, WHATEVER YOU SAY

I don't recognize Arnold Schwarzenegger as he is described in your January issue by Joe Bob Briggs (*Whatever You Say, Arnold*). Your Arnold looks like a guy who does nothing but gains everything. In my opinion, Schwarzenegger is an illustration of exactly the opposite idea: Work hard and you will earn what you get.

If he has a slogan, it's "Stop resting. Do your absolute maximum, then push yourself beyond it and everything will come." That's why I admire him—he emits so much creative energy that everyone feels stronger just looking at him and asks himself, "Have I already reached my ceiling? If not, why am I resting?"

Yuri Diomin

Bothell, Washington

Why am I the only person I know who can see through the smarmy, blatantly condescending phoniness of Arnold Schwarzenegger?

He has carefully cultivated his nice-guy image to throw a naive American public off guard, while behind the scenes,

with a cold, calculating arrogance, he slickly maneuvers himself into position to be elected to political office. He stumps for President Bush in return for the physical-fitness post, marries into an American political institution (the Kennedys) and associates with all the right people in high places.

That the public is allowing itself to be lulled to sleep while this fox invades the henhouse scares the hell out of me.

James Portanova

Fresh Meadows, New York

WRAPPING UP THE EIGHTIES

I enjoyed the January issue of *Playboy*. The *Playmate Review*, *The Swedish Bikini Team* and one more photograph of Lisa Matthews all made it a stimulating experience, indeed. I also read *Wake Up and Smell the Nineties*, by Joe Queenan, with the accompanying *Navigating the Nineties Quiz*, by Peter N. Nelson, and *The Politics of Everything*, by Roger Simon. I was amused until I read your list of "Nineties Garage Sale" items on page 110. I agree that some items need to go. We never needed acid-washed jeans, sushi rollers or Beta videos. But, to my horror, I saw that you included Pictionary on the list. Nothing in the Eighties, except maybe Donald Trump, kept people more entertained, and while *his* value has diminished, Pictionary's has not.

Pictionary plans on being around well into the Nineties and beyond. From the way the decade has started, the world could use a smile right now.

Robert S. Angel

Inventor, Pictionary
Seattle, Washington

My heartiest thanks to Queenan, Simon and Nelson for their humorous roundup of what the past decade was and wasn't. I haven't laughed so much in a long time.

Isolated to a certain extent out here in the old West, I can appreciate the concerns of the politically correct guardians,

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and

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present

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*participation subject to
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but I think the prevailing attitude here is "Don't bother us and we won't bother you." In light of this, may I say I will continue to wear my sheepskin coat, will not throw away my Frisbee, will have a cigarette and a cup of coffee whenever I want and will add fried bacon to my homemade beans.

Craig L. Lancaster
Custer, South Dakota

"THE LADY KILLERS"

Jeez! Now Cynthia Heimel doesn't want to be called a lady (*Women, Playboy*, January). No more speeches beginning with "Ladies and gentlemen," I guess. She suggests using "guy" for both men and women, as if this were some creation of her own. *Au contraire*, Ms. Heimel. The *Webster's* on my desk defines "guy" as "a person; used in plural to refer to the members of a group regardless of sex." Maybe Heimel should spend less time complaining about frivolities and a bit more time browsing through the dictionary.

Ray Uhler
Irvine, California

THE SWEDISH BIKINI TEAM

On the same day my January *Playboy* arrived with the greatest cover in publishing history, Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag's masterpiece photo of the Swedish Bikini Team, the *San*

Francisco Examiner revealed its Golden Turkey Awards for the worst ads of 1991. Taking the award for second-worst ad was Old Milwaukee Beer's Swedish Bikini Team. Needless to say, I have canceled



my subscription to the *Examiner* and extended my subscription to *Playboy*.

Lanny R. Middings
San Ramon, California

Your pictorial on the Swedish Bikini Team exemplifies your usual terrific coverage of important sports personalities.

Lee Fieseler
Peekskill, New York

"GOING LEGIT"

Within two days of receiving your January issue, I had devoured half the articles. The interviews with Robin Williams and Woody Harrelson and Garry Wills's

article on Columbus bashing (*Columbus, Go Home*) were great. My favorite item, however, was Robert Scheer's *Reporter's Notebook*: "Going Legit," a heartfelt commentary on so-called illegitimate—pardon, out of wedlock—persons.

As a member of a family with its share of persons born on the wrong side of the blanket—myself included, as I discovered late in my life—it is a treat to see somebody standing up for us and a lot of other decent people who have been treated as second-class citizens throughout history. We have put up with too many derogatory terms coined by people who thought themselves superior because they weren't conceived until after their parents made it to the altar.

The newspapers are filled with people whining about sexual harassment and the Tomahawk chop, but we so-called children of the mist have stood by too long letting ourselves be put down (and bearing the ensuing guilt) about the circumstances of our birth.

Bill Lindau
Hamlet, North Carolina

RANDALL ON THE MEN'S MOVEMENT

The context in which West Coast Editor Stephen Randall presents the men's movement in his *Media* column (*Playboy*, January) is not entirely accurate. The true men's movement is only tangentially related to wild-man weekends and

If women
are so independent,
why do they go to
the ladies room
in pairs?

banging drums in order to find oneself. Responsible men, like members of any other special-interest group, are distressed by the vast array of injustices and the discrimination they experience on the sociopolitical front.

Those struggling for men's rights are no more represented by men who put on loincloths and bay at the moon than are all women represented by the National Organization for Women.

Robert J. Correia

Braintree, Massachusetts

Randall will not be the only man unwilling to call the wild man out. As a feminist, I have known more than a few women who didn't want to worry their pretty little heads with facing their truest selves. As a human, I'd trust Contributing Editor Asa Baber more than Randall because of that.

Melody Barnhart
Lewisville, Texas

SPIRITUALITY AND SEXUALITY

As an ordained Presbyterian minister and a doctor of clinical psychology, I want to give special thanks for Craig Vetter's article *The Serpent in the Chapel* (*Playboy*, January). It should be read by sincere Christians, including my more conservative fellow clergy colleagues. I especially appreciated what I feel is an accurate observation concerning the dif-

ference between the actual teachings of Jesus and what the Christian church has done with those teachings.

I'm reminded of a professor of religion I had who observed that, if we divide sin into two categories, there are the "hard and cold" sins such as greed, selfishness, cruelty, insensitivity and lack of compassion, and the "soft and warm" sins that have to do with misguided efforts to love—fornication, adultery, sexual offenses and the like. And he observed that Jesus obviously had a hard-and-cold response to hard-and-cold sins and a soft-and-warm response to the soft-and-warm sins, for he roundly condemned the rigidity of the Pharisees, while forgiving the woman caught in adultery. But the church does exactly the opposite, turning a blind eye to greed, callousness and dishonesty, while becoming harshly indignant about all things sexual.

Perhaps Vetter's article will help us be aware of the personal anguish that is caused when we are too afraid to deal positively with the power of human sexuality.

The Rev. Forrest Fitzhugh
San Antonio, Texas

SAFARI (NOT!) SO GOOD

I am writing in reference to the short story *The Safari*, by Malcolm Bosse, that appeared in the September *Playboy*. The story was not good publicity for my tribe,

the Waorani, also known in the Quechua language as the Aucas. We have a hard enough time with our reputation without having silly stories written about us. My people defended our land for thousands of years simply by spearing invaders, not by cutting off their fingernails and pulling teeth. We were never into torture.

Currently, we no longer spear foreigners but accept them into our land as visitors. We are struggling to achieve legal title to our land and to protect our diminishing rain forest and wildlife. We are in the process of building tourist cabanas in our open-zoo animal protectorate. We have a wide assortment of tamed jungle animals, including tapirs, monkeys, parrots, macaws and otters. I'm hoping to improve the economy of the Waorani through ecotourism so that we won't be dependent on working for the oil companies, or have to enter modern society at the lowest economic level. I'm also hoping to make a safe area for rapidly disappearing wildlife.

Your magazine has great distribution to the people of the world and I would appreciate more positive propaganda on my tribe in the future.

Samuel Caento Padilla
Quito, Ecuador



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



OUR KIND OF MEN'S ROOM

Sasha Kazachkova, a 20-year-old Russian émigrée long of leg but short on cash, has landed a job with flexible hours, large tips—and, besides, it's next to a stream: She's the new men's-room attendant at Laura Belle, a trendy dinner-dance club in Manhattan. While Sasha is not the first lady to skip to the men's loo in a New York disco, she may be the first hired by management to do so.

How do the patrons react to the sexy slavatory attendant? "Europeans are happy to see me," says Sasha, who once worked in the gents' john in Moscow's National Hotel. "But American men keep coming back twenty times or so a night." Some bring cameras or friends; some, intoxicated by the heady atmosphere, try an old routine ("Haven't I seen you someplace before?"). Then again, others are disturbed. "This is a hot babe and I had a panic reaction," griped an overgrown club kid. "I was unable to urinate." But Ms. Kazachkova pooh-poohs the intolerant few. "I think there will be more female bathroom attendants," she predicts. "Lots of girls tell me they want my job." We anticipate a flood of applicants. Probably from Flushing, Queens.

HIS KIND OF MEN'S ROOM

Returning from the restroom of a West Virginia Mountaineer Mart, a South Carolina man hopped into his van and hit the highway. It wasn't until he reached Maryland that police stopped the van and asked if he was missing something. Apparently, he'd left his wife standing in the Mountaineer Mart parking lot. "I'd been talking to her the whole way," mused the driver, "and wondered why she didn't answer."

INSIDE THE WEIRDO LOBBY

Capitol Hill receptionists have a tough job. Perhaps their trickiest responsibility—next to making nice to Senator Strom Thurmond—is guarding our elected officials from slightly deranged citizens who send "urgent" messages to

their Congressmen. We've heard for years about these characters, and recently we've managed to get some snippets from their missives, which range from examples of extremely woolly thinking to paranoid ramblings:

- "I need to find out if I have a household account with the Senate. I need about \$4000. Can I get a check from Congress, or do they have money orders?"

- "My neighbors have told me that my house is transmitting me into their TV sets." (The author then lists 61 places where her personal transmission is sent, including Mexico, the National Hockey League and, inexplicably, four out of every five adults.)

- "It seems a renegade cult of CIA operators has experimented on me with a secret government weapon. . . . The device apparently uses pulsed microwave radiation that can be focused on a single unwitting recipient even from a great distance. . . . The operators are now focusing on our dog and two of our cats."

- "Five years ago, I discovered racketeering in the CIA. I have since been

under physical threat. My newspapers, mail, telephone, radio and TV reception have been intercepted. Proof is attached." (Clipped to the note was an article about a liver transplant and another about a heart transplant in a baboon.)

We understand Oliver Stone is gathering this material for his upcoming docu-pic, *Rotunda!*

LAUDERDALE BY LAND YACHT

Writers Daniel Neiden and Thomas Patrick have evaluated the big rust-buckets of yesteryear in terms of their suitability to transport sun-starved students to Florida for spring break. Here's their assessment of their favorite older cars:

- "1979 Pontiac Parisienne Wagon: Seats six, with basketball-player-size legroom. Fold-down backseat is top selling point."

- "1970 AMC Pacer: What this Scooby-Doo special lacks in power and class, it makes up for in its 'what-kind-of-car-is-that?' factor."

- "1982 Fleetwood Luxobarge: Big American V8s like these may Hoover gas, but they'll run forever as long as you keep pouring the oil."

- "1973 Buick Electra Deuce-and-a-Quarter: Dial in your favorite FM station, kick back the power seats, swing down the armrests—and head down I-75 in the *ultimate* land yacht."

What do you do when you reach the beach? We recommend using the heap as a deposit on a keg of beer.

- A University of Illinois study of children's letters to Santa concluded that there are distinct gender-based negotiating techniques—even at the age of seven. We won't bore you with the particulars, but according to researcher Cele Otnes, "Girls suck up to Santa and boys don't." Take that, Catharine MacKinnon!

- Lloyd's of London offered coverage for Mary Hart's legs and Bruce Springsteen's voice. Now, for those who think frequent-flyer mileage is a better investment than health-sector mutual funds, a consortium of European insurance companies is underwriting the Frequent

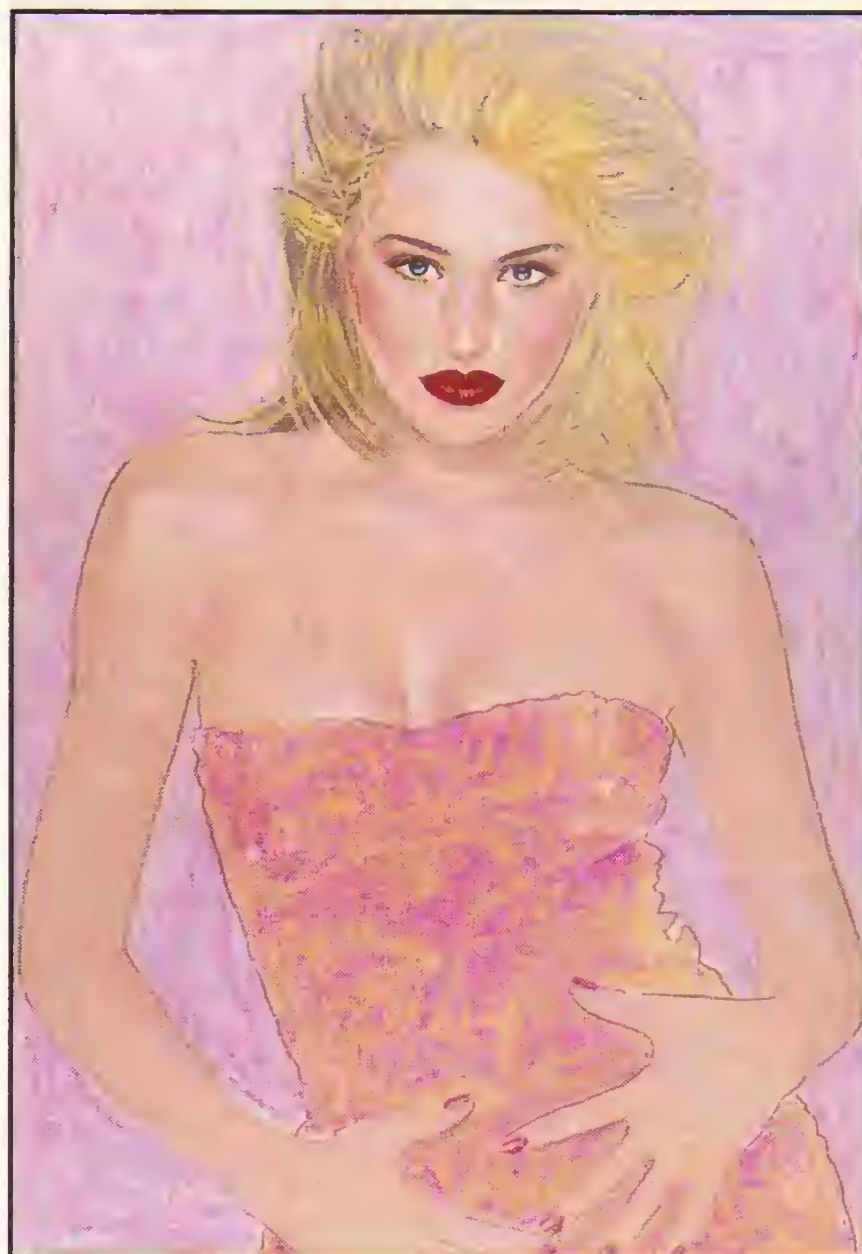


ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"It's the main job of a young man between nineteen and twenty-six to find out which girls are marriageable. It's much more important than an A in English."—AUTHOR JAMES MICHENER, REFLECTING ON STUDENTS IN HIS CREATIVE WRITING CLASS AT ECK-ERD COLLEGE

READ MY 1040

In 1979, number of taxpayers who reported to the Internal Revenue Service adjusted gross incomes of \$200,000 or more, 94,000; in 1989, 790,000. Federal income-tax rate (percentage of income) the IRS charged these taxpayers in 1979, 45.3; in 1989, 24.1.

Additional revenues that could have been realized from these taxpayers in 1989 if taxed at the 1979 rate: \$82 billion.

HUNT, PECK AND PLAY

Percentage increase in number of American households with personal computers from 1984 to 1989: 87.

Percentage of adults who own a computer but never use it: 42.

Percentage of adults who use computers at home, office or school, 28; of children who do so, 46.

Percentage of adult owners who use home computers for word processing, 62; to play games, 44; for keeping household records, 36.

1-900-DATA

Number of 900-number lines in the U.S. in 1988, 3703; in 1991, 19,081.

Percentage of 900-number lines



PAUL JACKSON

FACT OF THE MONTH

Howdy, partner. Then again, maybe that should be ex-partner. According to the 1990 census, Dallas and Houston lead the nation in marriages and divorces.

that offer dating services, 20; news, weather or sports updates, 20; sexually explicit material, 15; fund-raising pitches, 15; horoscopes, 10.

FAT FACTS

Maximum amount of fat that average American man should eat per day: 60 to 80 grams.

Grams of fat in a Burger King Double Whopper with cheese, 61; in two Hostess Twinkies and a glass of milk, 18; in a croissant, 15; in a chocolate candy bar, 14; in a slice of cheese pizza, 10.

TO THE BRIM

Percentage of all hats sold in the U.S. that are baseball caps: 70.

Number of caps made in the U.S. annually: between 250,000,000 and 300,000,000.

Percentage of caps sold with licensed pro sports logos, 10; with promotional or product logos, 50.

Price of a leather baseball cap sold at Chanel Boutique in Manhattan, \$810; of a multicolored baseball cap topped with a propeller sold at F.A.O. Schwarz, \$15.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU?

According to a recent audit, amount of money each month that the U.S. government mails to dead people: \$4,300,000.

Number of dead people who receive benefits from the Department of Veterans Affairs: 1212.

Percentage of cases in which decedent payments exceed \$10,000: 60.

—CHIP ROWE

Flyers Club Award Guard service. For \$79 a year, your award miles are protected against the bellying-up likes of Midway Airlines. Unfortunately, the plan only covers airline failure. What can you do if your mileage credits are simply devalued when one carrier (say Pan Am) is taken over by another (say Delta) whose program is not so generous? Amtrak, we suppose, is ready when you are.

We are sometimes reminded that if England didn't exist, we would have to invent it. A friend recently spotted a condom dispenser in a Kensington pub that bore the following warning: "This machine is wired to an alarm that will inform the management of any unauthorized entry."

HIGH VOLUME

Now that the Eighties are over, we've noticed more than a few mergers-and-acquisitions types singing the blues after work at the Off Wall Street Jam, a service that allows nine-to-fivers to turn from heavy trading to heavy metal. Started by musicians Doug Berlent and John Watts, the Jam assembles brokers-who-would-be-rockers into groups with similar skill levels and has them congregate at a downtown studio. "Sometimes we put together Grateful Dead, Pink Floyd or Led Zeppelin sessions," Berlent says. Once a month the Jam hosts a live stock-rock gig at a downtown club. "The biggest kick is when you're performing," says participant Greg Manning, who's a marketing veep during the day, "though I don't think I'm a threat to Guns n' Roses." With 700 clients in New York, 90 percent of them men, the Jam plans to open branches in Boston, San Francisco, Chicago and Tokyo. Our prediction for the first breakaway act? Gordon Gekko and the Raiders.

ICE CAPADES I: THE HEARTBREAK OF HIGH-STICKING

After the scoreboard at the Vancouver Canucks' home arena flashed the message NOT EVEN SADDAM WOULD FIGHT GINO ODJICK, a referee overheard enforcer-in-residence Odjick ask a teammate, "What number is Saddam?"

ICE CAPADES II: HAVE YOU DRIVEN A FORD LATELY?

When Esa Tikkanen of the Edmonton Oilers had the pleasure of meeting Gerald Ford at a charity golf tournament in Palm Springs, California, he had no trouble coming up with small talk. Tikkanen broke the ice by asking the former President what new cars his company was coming out with this year.

By ASA BABER

I went out on a limb in the September *Men* column and defended the reputation of William Kennedy Smith. "As I see it," I wrote, "Smith is already as much a victim in this case as his accuser claims to be. . . . All it takes to lynch a man these days is the *accusation* of rape."

I wrote those words last June. Smith was being pilloried in the press and on TV, wild rumors abounded, nothing was said in his favor—and your favorite *Men* columnist sometimes wondered whether the words he had written might come back to haunt him.

Smith finally took the stand in his own defense and performed well. He gave a credible explanation of his actions and he effectively countered the more emotional testimony of his accuser. He handled the scorn of prosecutor Moira Lasch—"So what are you, some kind of sex machine?"—without responding in kind. He thanked the jury for its sense of fairness ("My life was in their hands").

Harsh judgments against Smith in the court of public opinion have not completely disappeared, however. In some circles, he is still presumed guilty. For example, the verdict in Palm Beach did *not* clear Smith's name in the eyes of David Roth, Patricia Bowman's attorney.

Roth evidently believes in the presumption of Smith's guilt even after the acquittal of the charges against him. "A not-guilty verdict does not equate to innocence," Roth said in a statement that is stunning in its legal implications.

One wonders what Roth does equate to innocence in our system of justice. How could he claim that a unanimous verdict of six good citizens does not prove that Smith is *still* presumed innocent by all fair-minded people?

Roth is not alone.

"I'm privy to information that the jury did not have," said Amy Pagnozzi, a journalist, on ABC's *Nightline*. "As a woman, I feel he [Smith] was guilty."

Pagnozzi claimed that there were now seven women who had come forward to claim they experienced attacks of a sexual nature against them by Smith, and that had the jury been allowed to consider those accusations, the verdict might have been different. (Pagnozzi did not mention that Bowman's sexual past was also declared out of bounds by Judge Mary Lupo; she also did not explain how an additional four women were now, at



A SIGNIFICANT SHIFT

this late date, naming Smith.)

The second-guessing has begun. But something much more important and enlightening has occurred and I think it gives us a reason to celebrate.

There has been a significant shift in the public reactions of feminists to the Smith trial. And it's proof that something between the sexes might be changing.

Maybe, just maybe, we are about to enter an era of compromise and rational discourse between men and women. Maybe the feminist movement is going to tone down its self-righteous rhetoric and reach across the gender gap in a gesture of reconciliation.

Listen to one of the toughest voices on the feminist front as she talked about the Smith trial: "The result was a just result," said attorney Gloria Allred on CNN's *Sonya Live*. "There was not sufficient evidence for a conviction to prove guilt beyond a reasonable doubt."

Gloria Allred? I debated Allred on CNN's *Crossfire* two years ago and was stunned by her attitude. I had to listen to her quote about the Smith trial several times before I believed she had actually said anything that mild.

Susan Brownmiller, once a stern spokeswoman for the feminist cause, author of *Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape*, was equally fair in her remarks

about the Smith trial. It was, she said, not "an unfair verdict. . . . Given the testimony, I think there was reasonable doubt. . . . I was impressed with her testimony, but when I heard his, it was plausible. . . . This was a case of bad exploitative sex, but that's different from rape."

Even Susan Estrich, who wrote *Real Rape* and whose pretrial comments about the case sometimes seemed harsh to me, gave Smith's testimony an approving nod: "He was a particularly credible witness," she said.

Is it possible that the feminist movement is maturing? Do we have a thaw in the gender wars? Are America's feminists ready to move from unsympathetic propaganda to peaceful coexistence?

Not once have I heard the usual rhetoric about patriarchy and male privilege. Not once have I encountered the customary guilt trips and mean-spirited accusations that accompanied feminist monologs as recently as the Clarence Thomas hearings. With the exception of a Catharine MacKinnon op-ed piece in *The New York Times*, I have not heard women suggesting that all men are rapists and that Smith is just another male scumbag.

What has happened to the formerly strident spokeswomen of feminism? I believe that they have taken a look at the facts of the case and made a fair and impartial decision. They are not going to preach. "Nowhere do I hear people saying that the trial was rigged," writes columnist Anna Quindlen. "They saw the prosecutor, heard the accusations, listened to Mr. Smith. Overwhelmingly, polls show, they would have made the same decision had they been on the jury."

We are not totally out of the woods yet, though. Allred still claims that "the burden should be on the man to find out if she's really consenting." And Sonya Friedman said on her own show, "I wonder how many other people felt Willie Smith walked away much too easily."

Nevertheless, things are getting better for us, gentlemen. The obvious prejudice and sexism of American feminism has not played well in this culture in recent years, and it looks like the movement might be cleaning up its act.

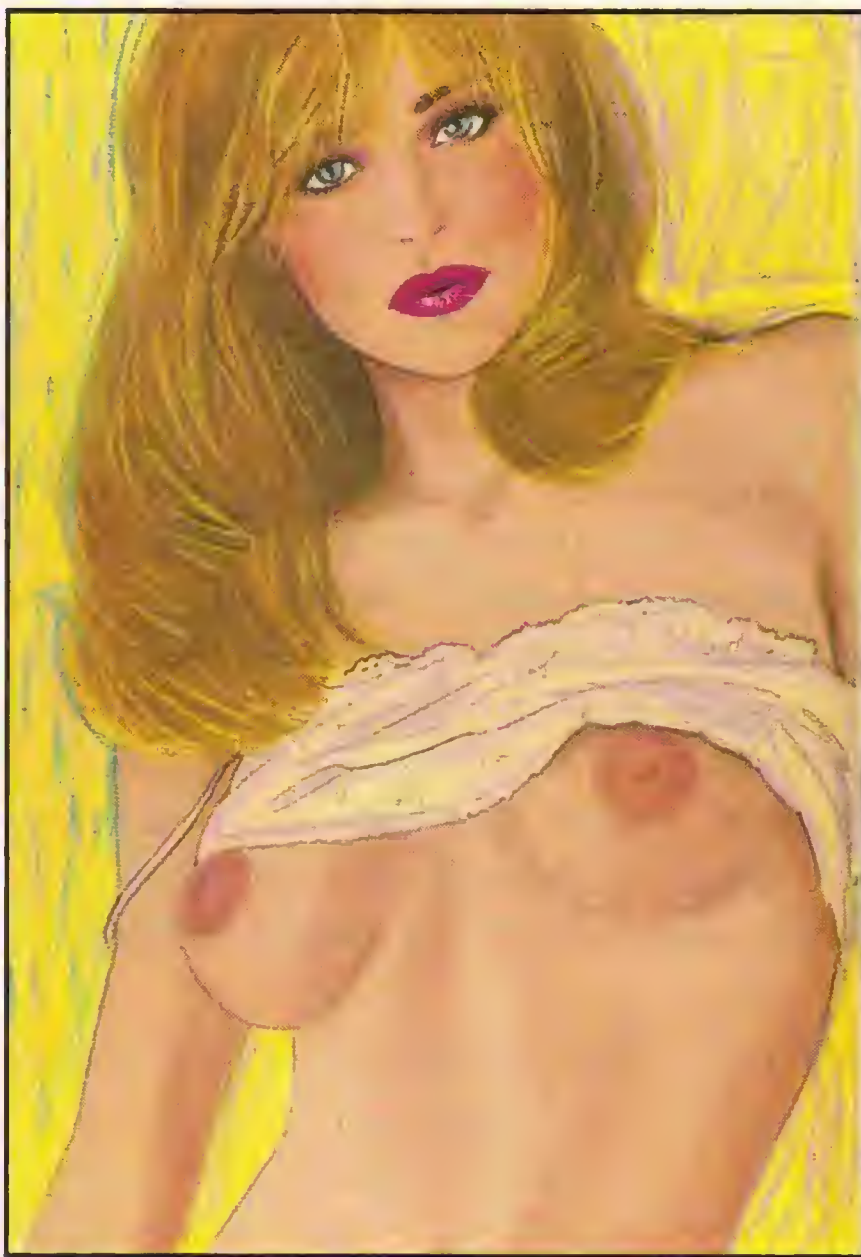
It's welcome. And it's time.



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

When my husband's brother got married recently, one of his friends arranged for a stripper to entertain at the stag party. The young lady who performed started out in a police uniform on a ruse that the guest of honor was being arrested for unpaid parking tickets. Then she produced a boom box, turned on some raucous music and started peeling—and playing imaginative games with her nightstick. The stripper's performance made a big impression on my husband. He has always liked my body, and sometimes I show it off by going around the house braless in a thin top or without panties in a short skirt. He always gets turned on, but the reactions I've elicited don't hold a candle—or a nightstick—to the excitement that stripper created. Our anniversary is coming up, and for his gift, I've decided to perform a striptease dance. Got any suggestions for a truly memorable celebration?—T. D., Indianapolis, Indiana.

We sure do, courtesy of our old friend, Fanny Fatale, for seven years a professional stripper who has raised men's blood pressure—and other things—at erotic showplaces all over the country. First of all, don't think of stripping as dancing. "Stripping involves dancelike movements," Fanny says, "but that's only part of it. Real stripping involves creating your own sexual fantasy and living it. The more you live your fantasy and get turned on yourself, the less embarrassment you'll feel as you peel, and the more your man will love it." So, what's your fantasy? Naughty nurse in a white uniform? Corporate executive in a power suit? Socialite in an evening gown? Fresh-faced coed in cheerleader garb? Whatever you choose, see your outer garments not as clothing, but as a costume, and splurge on it. "Overdo it," Fanny advises. "Sleaze out. Use props. Pile on the costume jewelry. Tease your hair. Wear garish lipstick. Sometimes all it takes to get the effect you want is big hair, big lips and very high heels." Under your costume, deck yourself out in the lingerie you've always dreamed of. The one piece that's de rigueur is a G string. "G strings used to be hard to find," Fanny says, "but today, many department-store lingerie shops stock them." The steamy strip's final ingredient is music, ideally rock or rhythm and blues. Pick three favorite songs that have lusty beats. They're easy to dance to, and the beat provides inspiration that helps you live your fantasy. "For best pacing," Fanny says, "choose two fast songs and one slow one." During the first song, discard your props and slowly take off your coat, hat, gloves and dress. During the second, slowly remove your nylons, garter belt and bra. And during song number three, retain the high heels but say goodbye to the G string. "Once you're naked, do some floor work," Fanny advises. "Get down on your hands and knees and roll



around like a cat. Crawl up to your guy. Drape yourself over him. Take off his belt. Unbutton his shirt." We figure you can take it from there. Happy anniversary.

I love chocolate—any way, any time and almost any kind. But there's one style of chocolate that consistently disappoints me—white chocolate. To me, it has a wimpy taste—like something's missing. Yet I see people gobble it with gusto. Are my taste buds anemic? Am I buying the wrong brand? What gives?—S. L., Miami, Florida.

Something is missing; in effect, the chocolate. White chocolate is composed of sugar, cocoa butter, milk solids, flavoring and emulsifiers. It's rich, sweet and creamy, but it lacks cocoa solids. Haute palates miss the bite and contrast the cocoa solids provide. Their preference is for dark, semisweet chocolate. Incidentally, the Food and Drug Administration forbids the use of the word chocolate on white-chocolate packaging.

Both my fiancée and I are 26. She has a sister who's six years older, married and rather wealthy. When we're invited over to her sister's house for dinner, I can never think of anything suitable to give her and I don't want to arrive empty-handed. I'm tired of flowers. Since I'm the only one who drinks brew (the others drink wine), is it OK to bring beer?—V. L., Washington, D.C.

So long as you're not toting a case of cheap suds, we think it's cool to show up with a nice imported or fancy microbrewery beer. However, because she doesn't drink beer, a six-pack is really just a gift from you to you, and that won't impress your future sister-in-law. So you

might want to start learning about wines. And, by the way, don't knock flowers. Women love 'em.

I'm a middle-aged smoker living in New York City. I recall seeing a notice for a party at a club for smokers. Do you know anything about who these people are?—J. R., New York, New York.

The group you're thinking about is called Smoking Singles and it publishes a bimonthly magazine out of New York. It hosts parties for single people who enjoy crowded, smoky bars. A recent gathering drew a 40-something, mostly female crowd. Naturally, cocktail chatter was dominated by everyone's favorite habit. A common sentiment: "Men come and go. The cigarettes stay." Care to prove her wrong?

Recently, my wife won a weekend for two in Las Vegas and, not being an experienced gambler, I wonder which games have the best odds. We're not after huge winnings but don't want to lose everything on the first day. Should we stick with cards, roulette or the slots?—N. V., St. Louis, Missouri.

Many Vegas newcomers head to the slots and stay there: They're gaudy, they make a lot of noise and they occasionally drop coins (the machines, not the tourists). The one-armed bandits also offer some of the worst odds, at times taking 25 cents of every dollar bet. The trick with slots is to find a machine—usually through dumb luck—that takes just five cents on the dollar. (Scholars—yes, scholars—who study such subjects have found that higher-paying slots are more common in downtown Vegas.) That's still lousy, however, compared with the odds on simple bets at some table games. Before you try the tables, though, study Tom Ainslie's excellent guide, "How to Gamble in a Casino" (Fireside; \$7.95). Ainslie explains standard casino games in straightforward terms and provides the odds and betting strategies to keep you from starving or losing your hotel room. A good place to start is at the roulette wheel. The house enjoys about a five percent return on total wagers, equal to the best-paying slots. Next, try your hand at craps. The odds are generally better than roulette, but you'll need a quicker pace. If you aren't intimidated by people in tuxedos, try baccarat, a simple card game that offers great odds (1.2 percent to the house), but usually requires wagers of at least \$20. For a skilled blackjack player, the house take can be as low as 1.5 percent. Avoid games such as keno, a lotto-type game in which the house keeps 20 to 30 percent of bets; money wheels, where it takes 15 to 25 percent; and poker, where novices and tourists often get eaten alive.

My girlfriend and I just rented the video of *9½ Weeks* with Mickey Rourke

and Kim Basinger. Great flick, especially the scene when they sit in front of the refrigerator and feed each other. We couldn't believe how horny that scene made us feel. We'd like to work some taste treats into our lovemaking, but we don't want to spill Jell-O all over each other like they did. Any suggestions?—H. K., Buffalo, New York.

Sexy finger foods should be light, bite-sized, sensuous, convenient to serve in bed without utensils and, as you mentioned, not too messy. Our favorites include grapes, melon chunks, chocolate pieces, strawberries dipped in confectioners' sugar, chilled oysters with salsa and shrimp cocktail. If you serve anything with a sauce, use a tray, or better yet, a bed tray with little legs. One final bit of advice: Stay away from cookies and other baked goods. In our experience, it's impossible to keep the crumbs out of the sheets.

After an automobile accident requiring substantial body work on my car, the repair shop told me that my insurance company insists on cheap, imported sheet-metal parts rather than more expensive factory-original replacements. Is this true, and what can I do about it? I want my car repaired as good as new with the correct parts.—K. E., Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Unfortunately, many insurance companies are more concerned with bargain repairs than with restoring your pride and joy with manufacturer's original-equipment parts. Your best ally here is your body-shop manager. Tell him that you insist on factory-original components; he'll help you reason with the insurance adjuster. Most repair shops want to do the best possible job, and they don't recommend using cheap parts (often obtained from Taiwan and Korea). Auto manufacturers actively promote original-part replacements—not simply as a profit source, but because repairs made with inferior sheet-metal and other shoddy components can shorten a car's useful life. Be sure to tell your insurance adjuster, before he appraises the damage, that you insist on quality factory-original parts. A good tip: Don't wait until you have an accident to find out your insurer's policy on replacement parts. If it doesn't cover the additional cost of original equipment, you'll probably have to pay the difference. It's better to iron that out before you face annoying repair delays. If your insurance company insists on cheap repairs, you may want to switch to one that's dedicated to restoring your car to its factory-original condition.

Every week or so, I pay a visit to my father, a widower who lives in a retirement home, and we shoot the breeze. During one recent visit, he confided happily that he had scored (on separate occasions) with two of his female neighbors. After my initial surprise that he could still get it up (he's 73), I became concerned because he has a minor heart condition.

Can the physical exertion of sex have ill effects on his health?—T. G., New York, New York.

Unless your father sits like a lump watching TV all day, he's probably safe in the saddle. For most people who exercise at least occasionally, exertion during sex is the equivalent of climbing a flight of stairs and about as dangerous. In one study of 5559 sudden cardiac deaths, only six were attributed to sex. Nevertheless, the best time for sex may be in the morning (after a good night's sleep) and not immediately after eating a heavy meal or drinking alcohol. And for older men with heart troubles, the bottom position may be less strenuous. It shouldn't be any surprise that your father (or his neighbors) share beds. Sex drive decreases only gradually; many men over the age of 60 still average more than two orgasms a week. And while older men may take longer to get aroused, their lovers likely don't complain about the extended foreplay.

What constitutes proper etiquette during a professional massage? I'm a normal 25-year-old guy and I recently treated myself to one. I thought it would be a relaxing experience—until a beautiful young masseuse entered the room, tossed me a sheet and asked me to disrobe. It sounds like a perfect sexual fantasy come true, but, under the circumstances, I was stressed out. Any pointers on how to stay relaxed next time?—M. K., San Francisco, California.

The American Massage Therapy Association says that a client is entitled to know before the appointment what to expect from a massage therapist. Tell him or her what you do and don't want. If you feel weird with a member of the opposite sex, ask for a switch—not a sex change, a new massage therapist. You should know what parts of your body will be undressed and/or touched, what strokes will be used and why. Your consent should be requested for such sexually sensitive zones as the upper thighs, the front of the hips and the lower abdomen. While clothing is always optional, most massage therapists prefer that you disrobe. They are trained to drape the sheet, artfully exposing only the body part—no genitals—on which they are working. They are also trained to work around erections. And if you don't like what the therapist is doing, say so—the client is always right.

I enjoy making love but I'm plagued by recurrent urinary-tract infections. My husband and I have tried everything the home medical guides recommend. I drink six glasses of water a day. I pee before and after sex. And both my husband and I are careful not to transport infection-causing bacteria from my anal area to anywhere near my vagina. I always wipe from front to back, and he never touches my vagina or clit with any fingers that have visited my back door. But still I get these damned UTIs. Is

there any more we can do?—J. A. V., Hoboken, New Jersey.

After intercourse, take the combination antibiotic trimethoprim-sulfamethoxazole—80 mg. of the former and 400 mg. of the latter. According to a recent study reported in Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, recurrent UTI sufferers who took this antibiotic (sold under such brand names as Bactrim and Septra) saw recurrences fall from an average of six a year to near zero. Ask your doctor for a prescription.

Occasionally, I come across the term *cépage* in discourses on wine. Although I'm fairly sophisticated in matters vinous, this one stumps me. Can you tell me what it means?—T. D., Dallas, Texas.

Cépage is simply French for vine stock or grape variety. For instance, pinot noir and chardonnay are the most celebrated of Burgundy. That's all there is to it. The subject of wine is sufficiently complicated. Don't compound the situation by chasing after bits of trivia. Just pop a cork or two and enjoy.

I'm 36 and have three children. Neither my wife nor I want any more. I've been thinking about having a vasectomy, but I'm worried about sex afterward. My doctor says a vasectomy has no effect on sex drive or ability, and a friend told me his love life improved after the surgery because he and his wife no longer worry about birth control and accidents. But I'm still not convinced. Will cutting my tubes cut my libido?—J. P., Texarkana, Texas.

We seriously doubt it. After vasectomy, most couples say what your friend does—that sex improves because it can be more spontaneous and there's no risk of unplanned pregnancy. Now scientists at the University of Texas Health Science Center at San Antonio have gone the testimonials one better by conducting a five-year sex study of couples where the woman had a tubal ligation or the man a vasectomy. The sterilized couples reported increased frequency of intercourse after one year. So if you're emotionally ready for permanent birth control, get ready for more nookie.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

Dial The Playboy Hotline today; get closer to the Playmates as they reveal secrets about dating and women! Call 1-900-740-3311; only three dollars per minute.



SEX IS...

from the personal to the political

Complete the sentence "Sex is . . ." as many times as possible in ten minutes. This is an exercise from *Allies in Healing*, by Laura Davis, a support book for partners of people who were sexually abused as children. The goal is communication and better understanding of one's self and one's partner. Partners sit together and compare lists. They then try to find an area of compatibility—a common ground for discussion.

Davis recounts, among others, the following set of answers.

"Sex is misunderstood."

"Sex is wonderful and enjoyable."

"Sex is sometimes dirty, a hassle."

"Sex is fun, scary and unfulfilling."

"Sex is a place where I lose control over my well-being."

"Sex is the way my body expresses the love in my heart."

"Sex is the only way I connect with my partner."

"Sex is a weapon, a way of destroying another human being."

"Sex is abuse, addiction, control, guilt and remorse."

"Sex is highly overrated."

This collection of sexual attitudes is heartbreaking when you consider that some of these opposed definitions may come from the same couple. When one person's expectations collide with the scar tissue of another's childhood of abuse, the result often is misunderstanding, anger and hurt. Davis teaches partners to communicate, to acknowledge that sex has different meanings for different people. It takes courage to make sex work, to find a sexual style that heals rather than harms.

What Davis tries to do within a relationship takes on a new dimension when applied to disparate elements of the culture at large.

For 38 years, *Playboy* has been on the side of a cultural war that affirms the inherent good of sexuality. On the other side are religious conservatives and gender feminists. Imagine

Sex is violence toward women.

For *Playboy* there are other, healthier meanings for sex. And they are not the exclusive property of men:

Sex is adventure.

Sex is a form of enthusiasm.

Sex is equity in a relationship.

Sex is recognition.

Sex is the creation of memory.

Sex is being inside out there.

Sex is the comparing of notes.

Sex is the great equalizer, the opposite of power.

Sex is power made playful.

Sex is where I lose myself.

Sex is where I find myself.

Sex is fantasy made fact.

Sex is adult. If it weren't for sex, we would never leave home.

Sex is the free exchange of energy.

Sex is detail.

Sex is creative.

Sex is a liquid.

Sex is a gas.

Sex is love.

Sex is something else.

Sex is a chuckle.

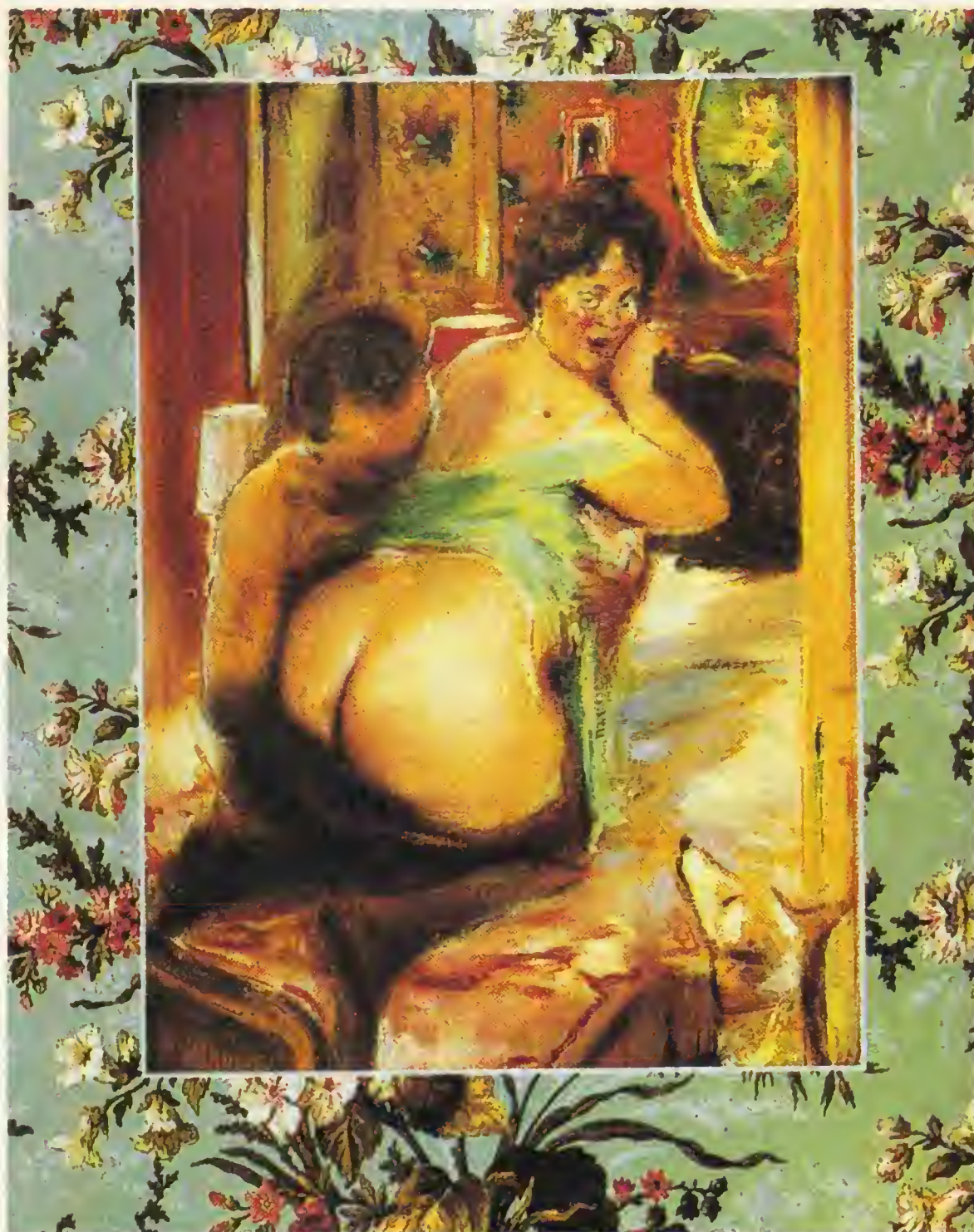
Sex is not without consequence.

Davis, in her book, advises that some people just want sex to be easy, a way to connect, to simply and easily express their love. For them

she suggests that finding another lover—one not touched by childhood trauma and repression—may be the only answer. Choosing to stay with a partner injured in childhood is not easy, she says. To do so means accepting the responsibility for an awareness of sex's pleasure and pain.

We listen to the voices of people who are antisex. We feel their pain and we offer, as a model, our own pleasure. Not as a defense, but as a destination.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN



the results of the sentence-completion test for these two factions.

On the one side:

Sex is lethal.

Sex is rape.

Sex is demeaning to women.

Sex is a vector for disease.

Sex is harassment.

Sex is predatory.

Sex is dominance and submission.

Sex is power.

Sex is women as objects.

A WOMAN'S PLACE

Sexual harassment cases and date rape have one thing in common: guilt by accusation. The victim appeals to feeling without establishing fact. What happened to the presumption of innocence? After the way Clarence Thomas and Willie Smith were put through the wringer, a man's judgment will always be clouded by the doubt that he may say or do something offensive. In the workplace, why should women be able to entice men with impunity? If the accused man is presumed guilty, why shouldn't a woman be equally guilty for her role in offering the apple? It should be the woman's place to set the standard of decorum and dress. If a code of conduct was properly set, men would conform. To enforce the code, each office should appoint a harassment prevention group. The responsibilities of the group should include standards and training, as well as enforcement. The office would be a more friendly, enjoyable and competitive workplace and, as a nation, we would save billions of dollars.

George E. Irish

Melbourne Beach, Florida

A workplace should encourage productive exchanges of energy and ideas among employees, not provide a day-care center for unruly adults. The presence of your fashion police would make the office a furtive, suspicious environment where everyone would be playing secret agent.

FROM THE FRONT

Your article "No Exit" (*The Playboy Forum*, January) was well written and well timed. When quality of life abandons the body, a person should have the right to terminate life as he or she chooses. I have visited friends and relatives in hospitals and nursing homes and am horrified at the way medical practitioners force life onto those with no hope of cure, only prolonging pain and suffering. I would prefer to allow my living will to serve my purpose, but, since I reside in the only state that has no legislation for either a living will or durable power of attorney for health-



FOR THE RECORD

SAINT GEORGE

"I don't think that just passing out condoms, giving up on lifestyle and giving up on family and fundamental values, is correct. Indeed, I must tell you I'm worried about it. I'm worried about so much filth and indecent material coming in through the airwaves and through these trials [like the William Kennedy Smith one] into people's homes. I think the American people have a right to be protected against some of these excesses."

—PRESIDENT GEORGE BUSH

care decisions, I do not trust the system. Dr. Jack Kavorkian's suicide machine is an idea whose time has come.

Norman Korney

Omaha, Nebraska

Matthew Childs's piece on euthanasia was thoughtful, provocative and naive. His enthusiastic leap onto the bandwagon supporting voluntary termination of one's life in the name of dignity and self-determination was incredibly shortsighted. Childs's assertion that the popularity of Derek Humphry's *Final Exit* indicated a need for legal initiatives was refuted by Washington State's defeat of the proposed euthanasia bill, Initiative 119. In the wake of all the media hype surrounding the right to die, some interesting statistics have been documented regarding the legalized termination of life. The Netherlands grants doctors the power of death. A report in *The Lancet*, a British medical journal, indicates that at least 1000 people are

killed annually by Dutch physicians without safeguards or supervision, and often without the request of the patient. Alarming as that number alone seems, some Dutch doctors insist that these cases are underreported and that more elderly people are refusing hospitalization for fear of being victims of this final mercy. The implications involved in physicians being given control over the quality and extent of one's life smack of sentiments familiar to anyone who remembers Hitler's reign of mercy in Germany. Legalized euthanasia is only an injection away from encouraging a repeat performance.

Peter Marshall

New York, New York

Matthew Childs responds:

Mr. Marshall missed the point of the piece. The issue is a complex one—I focused on a person's right to be free of so-called life-support systems. In effect, I was questioning anybody's, other than God's or the patient's, right to decide when death occurs. I agree that anything resembling doctor-assisted suicide or homicide (which is what The Lancet

article describes in its report) is a slippery slope. Ultimately, however, freedom of self-determination should not be something relinquished at the hospital door.

SECONDS

Nat Hentoff's response to letters criticizing him for slighting the Second Amendment sounds very much like the Handgun Control Inc. handbook. It contains all the usual half-truths about Supreme Court decisions and the tawdry emotional blather about unarmed deer. He must be a charter member. H.C.I. is an organization conceived and fostered by a group of limousine liberals and media moguls who, insulated as they are from the real world, have as their avowed *raison d'être* the total removal of firearms from the hands of civilians. If they ever succeed, this country will be the safest place in the world for you to be—if robbery, mayhem or murder is your profession.

Joseph R. Gately

St. Petersburg, Florida

R E S P O N S E

Nat Hentoff attempted to equate the term militia in the Second Amendment with the regular Armed Forces and the National Guard. Nothing could be further from the truth. The term militia to early Americans meant every able-bodied male citizen armed with his own weapon to defend his community and state, which is made clear in the Militia Act of 1792. It is the Dick Act of 1903 that established the volunteer militia now known as the National Guard.

Elmer R. Canfield
Nampa, Idaho

I read with interest the comments made by Nat Hentoff concerning the Second Amendment. A common problem for supporters of the First and Second Amendments is that both amendments protect the rights of the uneducated—there are gun owners who have not been properly educated in the use of firearms, just as there are people speaking without knowledge of their subject matter. To the argument that the founding fathers did not envision the brutal nature of modern weapons, I submit that they also could not envision the brutal nature of modern warfare. Haiti's deposed president Jean-Bertrand Aristide had all the people on his side, but the insurgents had all the guns.

Randall Alley, Jr.
Washington, D.C.

PATERFAMILIAS

It's clear that V. L. Dorrough ("Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*, January) did not read my letter in September's *Playboy Forum* carefully. I did not say that men shouldn't be held responsible for pregnancies. Certainly they should be, but not to a greater degree than that to which women are held. Every person deserves the freedom to choose whether and when to become a parent. If conception isn't binding on women, then it shouldn't be binding on men. There should be no paternity suits—except to enforce a written agreement made prior to conception, in which the man had promised to pay child support if the woman conceived. Feminists would be well advised to understand that sex doesn't confer contractual burdens on either gender, because they'll have a devil of

a time explaining why only men should be so burdened.

David W. Sims
Stevenson, Alabama

The question of paternity suits raised by David Sims ("Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*, September) brings to mind a series of experiments concerning fathers and newborns. Last year, Virginia officials started approaching the fathers of out-of-wedlock newborns immediately after the child's birth to establish paternity. The state's Social Services department reported a 30 percent participation rate among fathers during those golden moments right after delivery. The men seemed more willing to acknowledge their offspring while the birthing experience and their relationship with the mother still elicited positive reactions.

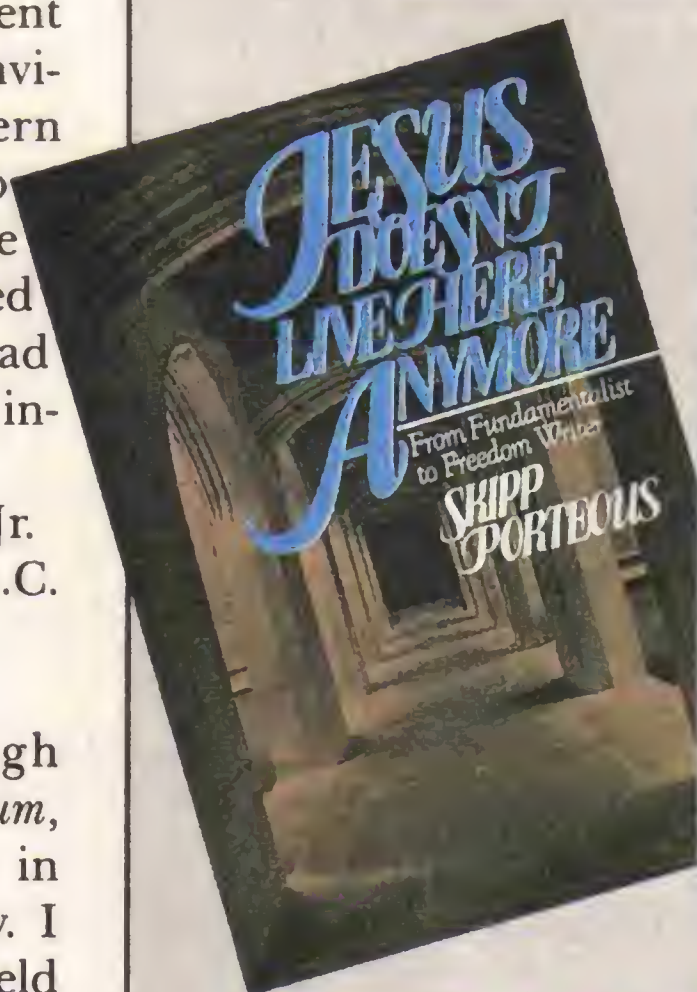
Researchers are calling it a breakthrough in establishing a bond between father and child, while the state is relieved of the financial burden caused by inadequate support.

Jim Lewis
Bangor, Maine

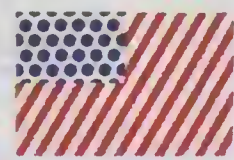
CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION

The Playboy Forum will be happy to hear that free enterprise in adult entertainment is alive and fighting zealous right-wing crusaders. Last November, Florida Governor Lawton Chiles declared Pornography Awareness Week, urging citizens to spurn local video stores that rent adult films. Seizing an opportunity, the adult-oriented Fairvilla Cinema reciprocated by featuring the following sign on its marquee: CELEBRATE PORNOGRAPHY AWARENESS WEEK HERE. That's the kind of move that

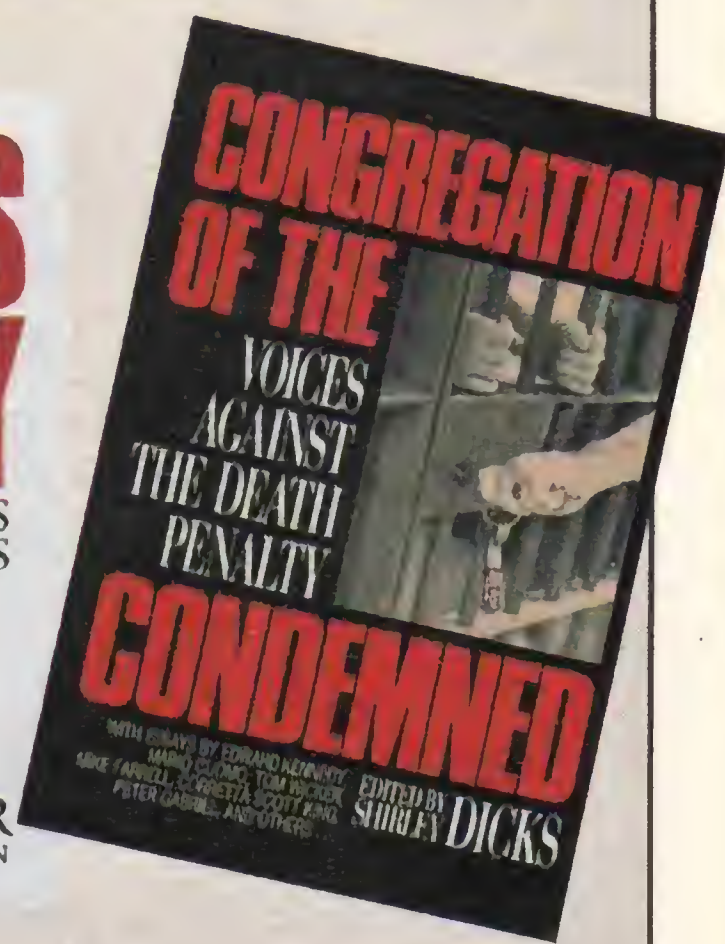
FORUM F.Y.I.



**VISIONS
OF
LIBERTY**
THE BILL OF RIGHTS
FOR ALL AMERICANS



BY IRA GLASSER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB ADELMAN



Of interest to readers of *The Playboy Forum*:

Jesus Doesn't Live Here Anymore (Prometheus Books, \$23.95), by Skipp Porteous: A former fundamentalist chronicles his flight from the lockstep mentality that characterizes the New Right. Porteous has become a one-man truth squad, confronting the Falwells and Wildmons on their home turf.

Visions of Liberty (Arcade Publishing, \$24.95), by Ira Glasser: The executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union explains the Bill of Rights in terms that honor our nation's passion for freedom. The photographs by Bob Adelman vividly capture the real heroes of the continuing struggle to nurture and protect our rights. A perfect birthday gift in the wake of the bicentennial of Mr. Madison's precious document.

Congregation of the Condemned: Voices Against the Death Penalty (Prometheus Books, \$24.95), edited by Shirley Dicks: Forty-nine essays by death-row inmates, legal and medical experts and such notables as Senator Edward Kennedy, Governor Mario Cuomo, Coretta Scott King and Tom Wicker—all calling for an end to the death penalty.

restores one's faith in good old American know-how and ingenuity.

Morris Weil

Casselberry, Florida

OHIO UPDATE

Your report on community standards as they relate to porn ("Newsfront," *The Playboy Forum*, January) is nothing new. The community-standards test of obscenity has always failed the antipornographers. There has never been a case that I know of in which a community supported censorship of material for adults. Not just in Lakewood but in several Ohio cities, residents have voted on this issue many times, and they always come out against censorship. We have to dispel the notion that the blues win. They never do in the courts, but they may do so by the "legal" harassment of confiscating materials or closing an establishment pending trial—sexual harassment of another kind.

Milton Diamond

University of Hawaii at Manoa
Honolulu, Hawaii

BINDINGS

The United States Supreme Court decision in the *Rust vs. Sullivan* case upheld regulations that prohibited federally-funded family-planning clinics from developing or disseminating materials advocating abortion. The Justices said that the government doesn't have the obligation to spend money promoting views it does not like. The obvious losers are the women who use such clinics. But this

novel view holds particularly troubling implications for the publishing community, libraries and universities. Could a federally funded university publish a book critical of the Gulf war? Could a town library purchase a book extolling socialism? Could PBS air a film that argued for preservation of wetlands? When it comes to a gag rule, one size fits all.

Carol Marc

Ann Arbor, Michigan

BAREFOOT JUSTICE

The limits of forfeiture applications were recently tested in the Dallas district court of Chief Judge Barefoot Sanders. A criminal indictment was brought against a group of California-based corporations and individuals who are in the business of distributing sexually explicit materials nationwide and the publishing company that lists them as one of its clients. The indictment arose out of a sting operation in Dallas in which eight video tapes and two advertisements were shipped into Texas. Finding two of the eight tapes to be obscene, the jury then had to decide which property was subject to forfeiture under the Child Protection and Obscenity Enforcement Act of 1988. On the basis of two tapes (worth \$9.90), the government sought forfeiture of the defendants' offices and warehouses, along with numerous corporate and personal bank accounts. Judge Sanders dismissed the government's greed, finding that "the nature, scope and proportionality of the use of the properties did

not support a finding of forfeiture . . . [which] serves no legitimate end; that is, other than destroying legal business enterprises simply because their stock in trade is sexually related materials." The government is expected to appeal.

Louis Sears

Houston, Texas

HIV

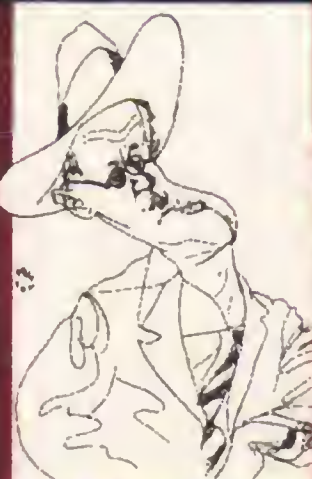
The piece on Magic Johnson ("Magic," *The Playboy Forum*, February) prompted me to write not only as an interested reader but as someone diagnosed as HIV-positive. Having HIV/AIDS doesn't negatively affect your sexuality or sensuality, but rather gives lovemaking a life-affirming quality. I have many friends that are HIV-positive who live with or marry HIV-negative partners. We take precautions to protect our loved ones, which leads to more sexual creativity. I've always believed that AIDS is caused not by too much sex but by too little love. Society needs to be aware of the fact that those diagnosed as HIV-positive have as much right to a satisfying and fulfilling sex life as anyone else.

Barbara Emes

Drumore, Pennsylvania


The media's approach to those who are HIV-positive has been to expect them to remove themselves from society and deny any need for sexual fulfillment. There are many couples where one partner is HIV-positive who are successfully creating loving, sensual relationships. Education and proper precautions are all that are needed to ensure a healthy sexual existence.

JAMES JOYCE




AN INTERDISCIPLINARY INQUIRY INTO CENSORSHIP

MADONNA




AN INTERDISCIPLINARY INQUIRY INTO CENSORSHIP

RICHARD WRIGHT




AN INTERDISCIPLINARY INQUIRY INTO CENSORSHIP

KAREN FINLEY



AN INTERDISCIPLINARY INQUIRY INTO CENSORSHIP

SCORSESE



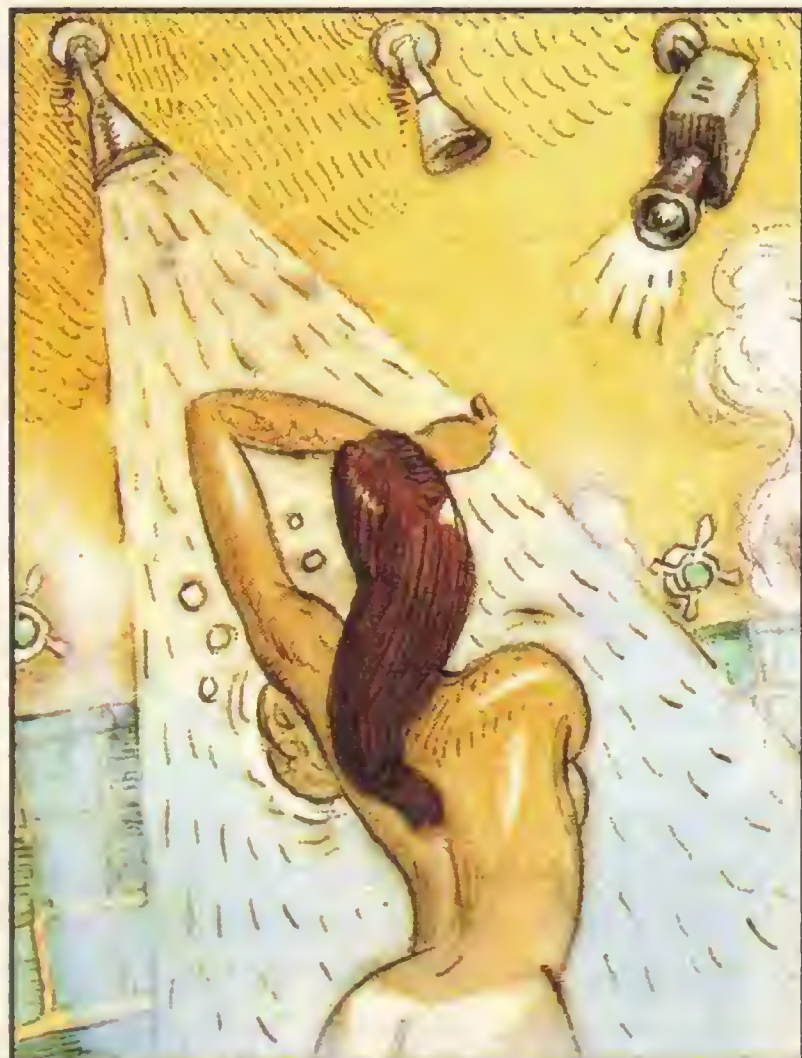
AN INTERDISCIPLINARY INQUIRY INTO CENSORSHIP

When Monroe Community College in Rochester, New York, decided to have a week-long symposium on censorship, it asked artist David Cowles to design the poster. He did that—but went a step further. Along with other illustrators, Cowles designed a collection of censorship trading cards to be handed out to participants as icebreakers during the opening reception. All 16 cards, featuring such diverse personages as Karen Finley and Albert Einstein, are available through the college's Mercer Gallery, 1000 East Henrietta Road, Rochester, New York 14623-5780.

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

PORKY'S REVISITED

WOOD RIVER, ILLINOIS—An employee union at an Amoco plant is suing the corporation for \$10,000,000 after Amoco installed a video camera in the women's



shower room. An Amoco spokesman insisted that the camera was aimed head-high and at the doorway to catch a male intruder. The union charged invasion of privacy.

ROAD TO RECOVERY

NEW YORK—The Anita and Clarence show spawned a new industry: The non-profit American Arbitration Association and private labor-negotiation firms are creating fact-finding teams that can be hired to investigate allegations and recommend quicker and less costly out-of-court settlements in sexual harassment cases. Who says America has lost its ingenuity?

FEDERAL PORN POSSE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Free Speech Legal Defense Fund and the A.C.L.U. have asked President Bush to disband the Justice Department's Child Exploitation and Obscenity Section. At a news conference held in the National Press Club, the two major civil-liberties groups called the operation a "renegade office" left over from the Ed Meese 1986 porno war. According to the A.C.L.U., "The unit does not seem to care whether it can win convictions in the cases it brings; it often knows

the cases are not winnable [and simply] seeks to drain its targets financially."

FIRST AIDS?

NAIROBI, KENYA—According to British researcher Dr. Charles Gilks, a malaria experiment 70 years ago may have introduced AIDS into the human blood pool. In 1922, at least 34 people were injected with blood from chimpanzees to see if the animals' malarial parasites would have any effect on humans. Another 33 people received blood from the initial group and, Gilks says, it was these groups that constituted the original AIDS carriers.

GAY DNA?

CHICAGO—A new study by Northwestern University suggests that genetics plays a major role in determining sexual orientation. Interviews of identical male twins found a 52 percent chance that if one was homosexual, the other would also be. The same pairings were found in 22 percent of twins who were fraternal rather than identical, but in only 11 percent of adoptive brothers. Reacting cautiously, the gay community said that such studies only confirm what many gays have always claimed—that homosexuality is not a matter of choice.

SLURRED SPEECH

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS—The 1990 alcohol-poisoning death of a college student after a fraternity-initiation ritual has become a First Amendment issue. A lower-court judge dismissed charges brought against a frat under the state's 90-year-old hazing statute. The decision said the statute's definition of "ridicule" was so vague and broad that it could include speech protected under the First Amendment. As a result, the Illinois Supreme Court is being asked to decide if the state's antihazing law violates freedom of speech.

CENSORING ART?

LOS ANGELES—It might have seemed an honor, but U.S. Representative Edward Roybal was not pleased when he visited the edifice bearing his name, the new Edward R. Roybal Center and Federal Building. The \$266,000 courtyard sculpture by Tom Otterness included nude figures of a fe-

male infant and woman, and Roybal, observing two boys touching the baby's genitals, decided that the work would "attract the homeless . . . perverts [and] graffiti artists." A district judge agreed, calling the work "a shrine to pedophiles." The General Services Administration removed it, noting "certain elements [were] unattractive."

WISH THEY ALL COULD BE. . .

ISLA VISTA, CALIFORNIA—A music store catering to University of California students offered free compact discs to anyone who stripped to celebrate the store's Isla Vista Nude Day. About 300 customers, mostly male, accepted the challenge—bravely, considering that the shop is across the street from the police station. The cops, however, were cool: "The guys walking outside in towels [livened] up my morning," said a police spokeswoman.

FLIPPER, AH, FLIPPER

LONDON—A 38-year-old animal-rights activist was accused of masturbating a tame 11-foot bottle-nosed dolphin as it floated on its back in the harbor of Amble, Northumberland. A party of "outraged," "disgusted," "horrified" and "gob-smacked"



sightseers abandoned their boat trip and called police. It was argued that a male dolphin frequently uses its penis in a non-sexual way to explore objects or tow swimmers through the water. The defendant got off and so, presumably, did the dolphin.

Abstinence SEX ED.

how everything you need to know about sex you won't be allowed to ask

All together, class, repeat after me: "Control your urgin'—be a virgin. Don't be a louse—wait for your spouse." Louder: "Pet your dog, not your date."

Now it's time for a little test. Can anyone tell me the word for something that's supposed to prevent pregnancy but doesn't? That's right, it's called a contraceptive.

Sound like a parody of the Fifties? It's not. It's part of a contemporary sex-education curriculum. Thanks to right-wing political groups, hundreds of thousands of dollars in federal funds and the tireless efforts of a 39-year-old Illinois woman, it's being used in thousands of public-school classrooms from Newport News, Virginia, to Park City, Utah. The controversial program and its textbook are titled *Sex Respect: The Option of True Sexual Freedom*. Its author and chief promoter, Coleen Kelly Mast, is the Carrie Nation of the sexual counterrevolution. Mast is a former Catholic-school teacher and anti-abortion activist whose idea of sexual freedom for teenaged girls is making sure they keep their legs crossed and their minds firmly closed. "Pleasure isn't the goal of sex," says Mast. "The goal is the unity of man and woman."

Sex Respect has come a long way since 1983, when Mast first introduced the curriculum in her health classes at Catholic Bishop McNamara High School in Kankakee, Illinois. The textbook, in its second edition, is now used in more than 1600 school districts in all 50 states and in several foreign countries. Respect, Inc., a for-profit corporation run by Mast and her husband,

also sells a full product line that includes STOP AT THE LIPS T-shirts, I'M WORTH WAITING FOR buttons and a *Chastity Challenge* home video. There have been invitations from Oprah and Geraldo, plaudits from

By ADAM GOODHEART

William Bennett and C. Everett Koop—and nearly a million dollars' worth of grants from the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services.

But *Sex Respect*'s message has stayed the same: "Don't do it." So has its method: a mixture of scare tactics and crude moralizing. The *Sex Respect* textbook tells students that "there's no way

all the way on all of the time. Don't let any part of anyone else's body get anywhere between you and your clothes. AVOID AROUSAL."

More remarkable is what the book leaves out. The *Sex Respect* instructors' guide dictates that teachers not allow class discussion of such "controversial issues" as masturbation, homosexuality, birth control and abortion. Yet the text manages to call homosexual behavior "unnatural" and equates abortion with murder. Even the sketchy anatomical charts of health classes in the not-too-distant past are rendered with less detail and relegated to an appendix in this textbook. "There is a basic sense of modesty and shame that comes with discussing intimate sexual topics," Mast explains as the reason for the voids in the supposedly comprehensive course. "In order to enhance that sense of shame and not break it down and make sex seem trivial, there are certain things that would be best discussed in the privacy of home. Whatever innocence or modesty is left should be preserved."

But there's more to *Sex Respect* than just plain old-fashioned prudery. Mast and her curriculum are at the vanguard of a new right-wing war on sex. Until the mid-Eighties, John Birchers and spinsters in sensible shoes turned out to protest—often successfully—any form of sex education in public schools. But the AIDS epidemic put conservatives on the defensive. Since 1987, 22 states have passed laws requiring some type of sex ed. In response, the right's pressure groups have flocked to support curriculums that fulfill the letter of the law while promoting their agenda. And both the Reagan and Bush Administrations have been more than generous in their assistance.

Through the Adolescent Family Life program, born in the heady first year of Reagan's Presidency, the Department of Health and Human Services has spent \$26,000,000 promoting chastity among the nation's youth. The motley assortment of programs funded with taxpayers' money has ranged from creepy (a pamphlet urging teens



to have premarital sex without hurting someone." It devotes four paragraphs to arguing that AIDS can be spread by French-kissing, and offers that "anyone can be carrying your death warrant." A chart detailing the stages of sexual arousal warns that a prolonged kiss is the "beginning of danger." One section, "Sex Tips for a Safe Date," commands teens: "Keep all of your clothes

SEX is like
DRIVING—
YOU NEED A
LICENSE
for BOTH

to "pretend that Jesus is your date") to dopey (a rap about gonorrhea with such lyrics as "A man will have a discharge that is white/Let me tell you—it ain't no pretty sight").

And then there's Coleen Kelly Mast and *Sex Respect*. When Mast applied for a federal grant in 1985, she could boast of impeccable credentials as a moralizer. She had developed her curriculum teaching sex education in Catholic schools. She was a lecturer for the Pro-Life Education Fund. Mast had even organized the McNamara Ambassadors of Sexual Health, a group of her students who traveled the region performing pro-chastity skits at high schools and youth rallies. (One videotaped performance features a stout schoolgirl in a Satan mask shrieking, "Go ahead and sin—there's plenty of room down at my place!") Health and Human Services quickly approved a five-year \$600,000 grant to a nonprofit conservative organization to oversee distribution and evaluation of *Sex Respect*. After the original budget was revised, some disturbing questions were raised. An internal memorandum released by HHS expresses concern that the nonprofit affiliate was using federal grant money to purchase copies of *Sex Respect* from Mast's for-profit company.

Nor does Health and Human Services seem concerned about the reli-

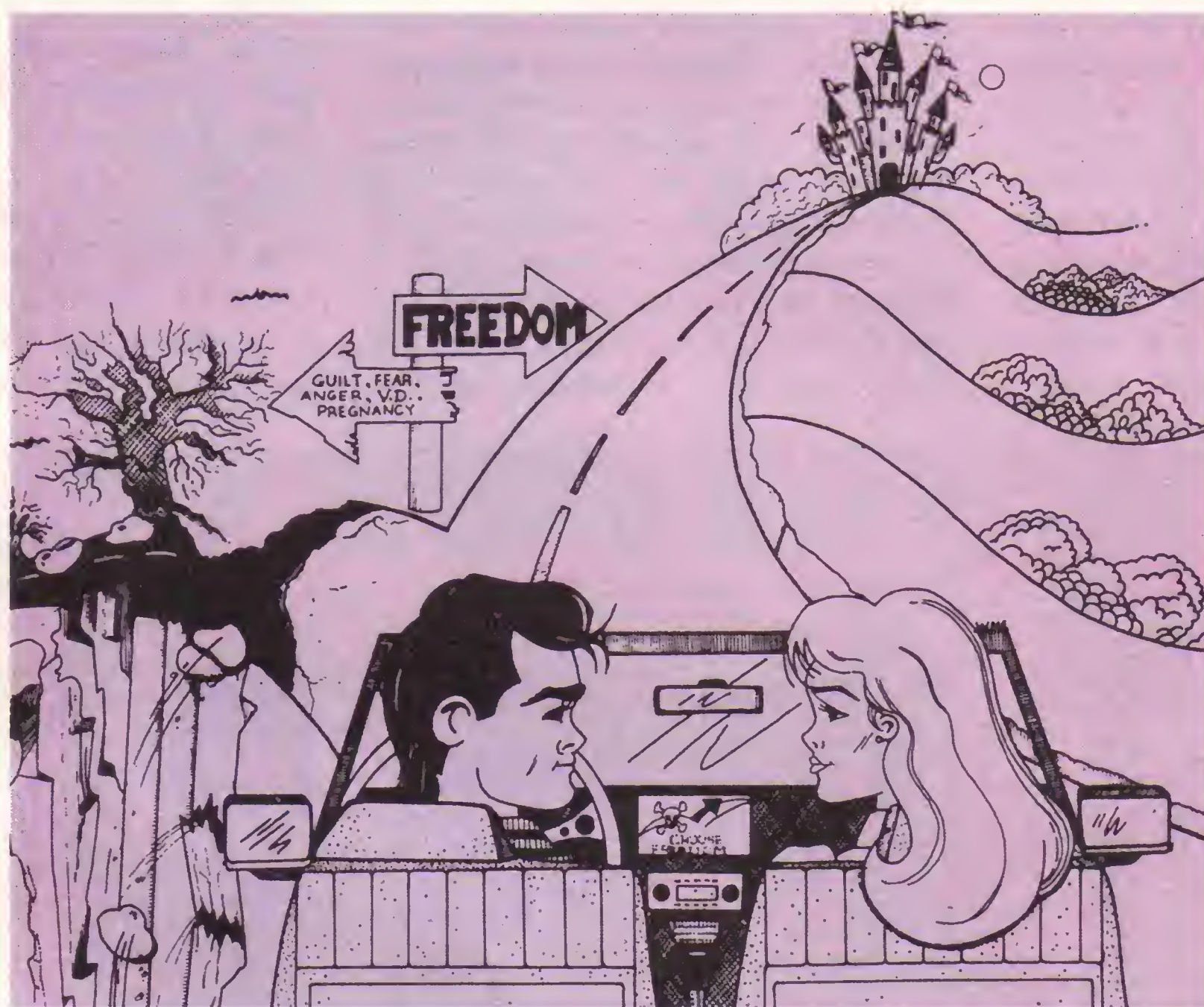
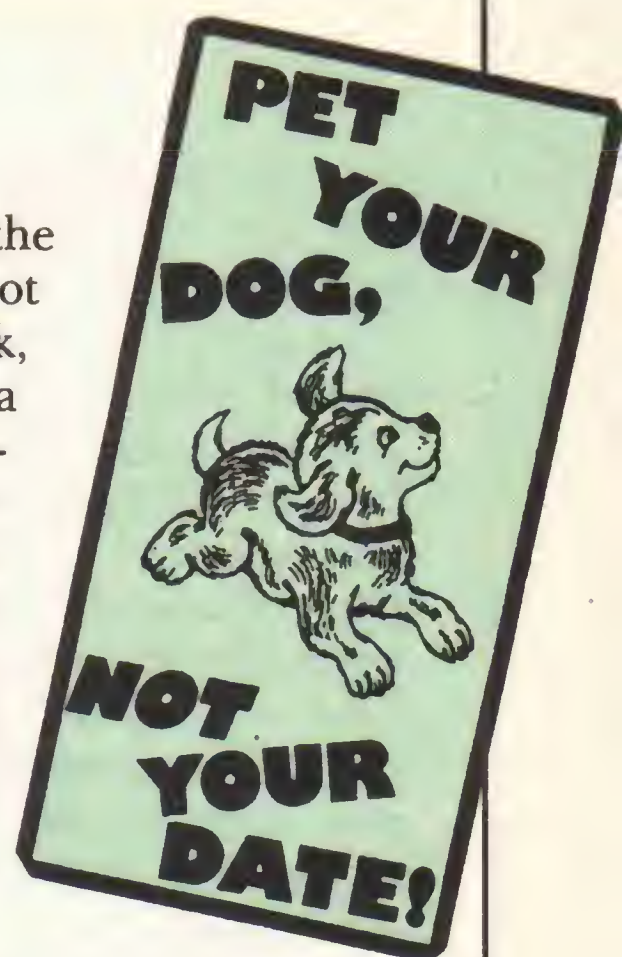
gious overtones of *Sex Respect*. Although she says she has taken care to keep overtly religious references out of the text, Mast admits that she does see her program as "bringing kids to a moment of evangelization without evangelizing them. The curriculum does not tell them to go to church, but it makes kids that go to Sunday school say, 'You know, God isn't so dumb after all.'" While promoting *Sex Respect*, Mast has also spent time developing a Bible-based version of the text for use in Catholic schools and serves on a task force to bring American Catholic policy on sex ed into line with Vatican doctrine. Mast is understandably cautious

cators, Mast tells the audience, "This is not me up here. I'm weak, I'm nothing, I'm a pile of dust. . . . Really, it's the Holy Spirit that reaches these kids. . . . We're fighting a war against sin, a war against offenses to God."

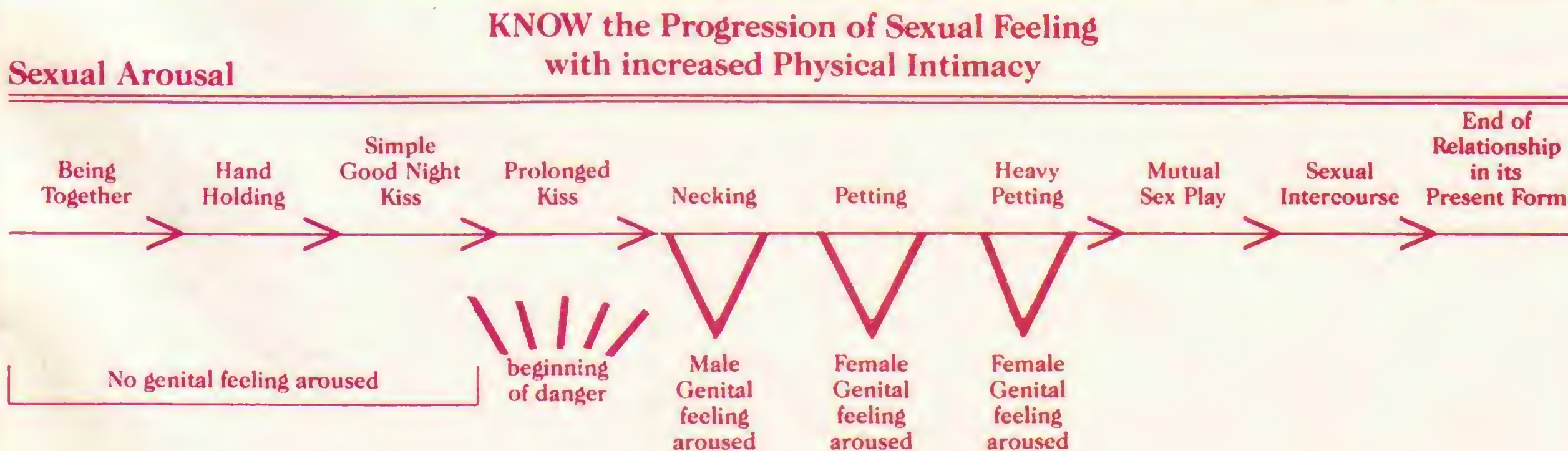
It is a guerilla war often fought classroom by classroom, town by town.

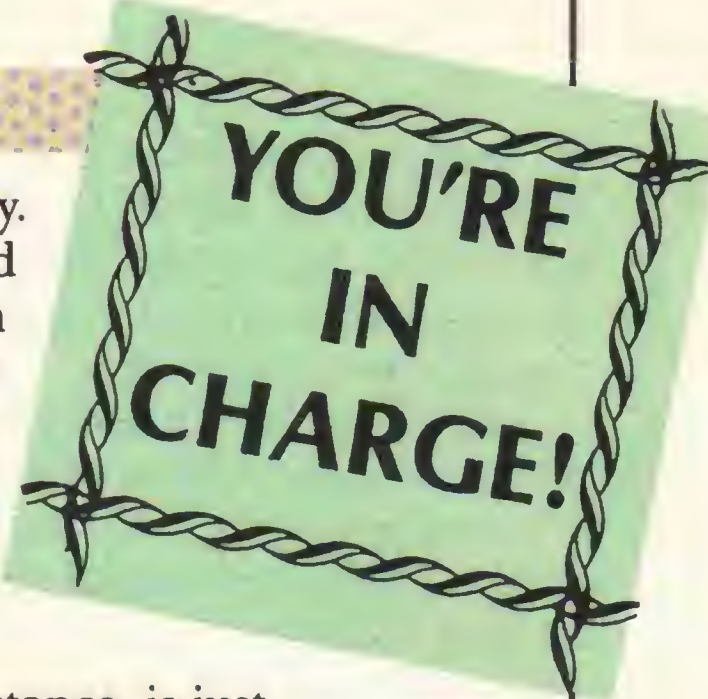
In school districts across the country, conservative parents have organized to demand that standard science-based sex-ed curriculums be replaced with *Sex Respect*. They are often successful. "Communities adopt it because they want to do something on sexuality education, and the thing they think they can do with the least controversy is to accept this program," says Debra Haffner, executive director of the Sex Information and Education Council of the U.S.

At times there's often a witch-hunt feel to the local struggles to adopt abstinence education programs. In one Minnesota town, conservative parents demanded that the sex-ed curriculum be replaced and that its teacher be fired. Her crime? A student asked, in class, how



about discussing her religious inspiration with reporters. But she lets it all hang out when she speaks before church groups. In one videotaped speech at a conference of Catholic edu-





semen tasted. "Salty," she replied. And in El Cajon, California, parents rallied support for *Sex Respect* by charging that the existing curriculum encouraged homosexuality and masturbation by denying that the latter "practice has many hazards, such as stimulating sexual appetite." The current textbook, according to the parents, included such "unnecessary" information as "which part of a woman's anatomy is most sexually stimulating."

National groups have been quick to exploit such grass-roots tensions. Organizations such as Phyllis Schlafly's Eagle Forum publicize the curriculum through newsletters and radio shows and support local campaigns. Liberals have leaped into the fray, too. The American Civil Liberties Union is in a decade-long court battle to have federal support of chastity education programs declared unconstitutional on church-state grounds. And the Wisconsin A.C.L.U. is supporting the case of a mother who is

trying to get *Sex Respect* removed from her son's school because of its sexist depiction of women.

Controversial or not, Mast insists her curriculum is working. "I've had students come back and tell me, 'I was out parking with a date, and it started going through my head: Do the right thing, wait for the ring.' To offer an adolescent a contraceptive," she says, "is not going to do anything for his or her health. It's like saying, rather than starve, have a candy bar—instead of teaching the four food groups."

Many sex-education experts, however, disagree with *Sex Respect's* approach, charging it does more harm than good. "The idea that teenagers, especially young ones, be told that it's better not to engage in intercourse makes a great deal of sense," says Haffner. "But the problem is that *Sex Respect* contains many inaccuracies. It is based on a premise that young people should not make their own decisions, and it is extremely negative

about sexuality. It goes beyond teaching them how to resist peer pressure and presents them with a single moral message."

Here, for instance, is just one of its questions: "List and explain six risks (physical, emotional and/or psychological) of premarital sex." The correct answers, according to Mast's curriculum: "Disease. Pregnancy. Infection. Sterility. Guilt. Doubt. Fear. Self-hatred. Disappointment. Being used. Slower personal growth. Bonding with the wrong person. Destruction of a relationship."

Sound absurd? The Department of Health and Human Services has devoted \$350,000 over a two-year period to the development of a *Sex Respect* curriculum for older high school students called Facing Reality.

REAL MEN ON SEX

Sex and politics make strange bedfellows. Stranger still are the new morality campaigns and their self-proclaimed real-men spokespeople. These odd-couple pairings are backed by right-wing coalitions and personal foundations.

Chosen by ad hoc morality police as propaganda centerfolds, these newly minted sexperts are on a mission to blunt the slings and arrows of pubescent sexuality.

The Kansas City Coalition Against Pornography produced an ad featuring John Testrake, captain of a TWA flight hijacked by Iranian terrorists in 1985:

"What makes a real man? Strength of character. A real man keeps his word. And a real man is not a Peeping Tom. The mark of a real man is the choices he makes. That's why real men don't use porn."



Mark Bavaro, retired tight end for the New York Giants, appears in a pro-life video entitled *Champions for Life*. He compares the abortion issue to Super Bowl XXI:

"At the end of the game, all the Giants players left the field champions. Now with the abortion death squads allowed to run rampant through our country, I wonder how many future champions will be killed before they see the

light of day."

Harold Reynolds, second baseman for the Seattle Mariners, put his imprimatur on this pamphlet:

"Sex is a very strong natural power that is very difficult to control. The lives of many powerful men and women have been destroyed because they had no control over their sexual desires. Even though it is a struggle for many of

us, it is possible to control one's sexual appetite both inside and outside of the marriage. Developing the skills to do so must start as early as preteen [years] and can only be achieved with the practice of sexual abstinence."

Abstinence does not teach sexual control any more than sitting on the bench teaches fielding skills.

Take a cold shower, boys.

—TERRY WHITE



"Damn it, have you been seeing Van Gogh?"





WE WATCH *Entertainment Tonight*. We read *Premiere*. We know all about the fake blood, stuntmen, special effects and other illusions that Hollywood uses to make movie magic. We know that Robin Williams wasn't really flying in *Hook* and that T2's Arnold Schwarzenegger is actually human (or at least close to it) in real life. But as much as we like to think we know it all, the movie business still has a handful of mysteries that it's reluctant to share, even with John Tesh and Liz Smith feeding us scoops. And certainly one of the most alluring of those mysteries is Shelley Michelle.

You've probably already met Shelley—or at least some important parts of her. Remember the beginning of *Pretty Woman* and a voluptuous Julia



DOUBLE VISION

YOU'VE SEEN HER STANDING IN FOR
JULIA ROBERTS. NOW SHELLEY MICHELLE
STANDS UP FOR HERSELF





Roberts dressing for a night's work? Or the scene in *My Stepmother Is an Alien* in which we admire Kim Basinger's legs as they dangle in midair? Or Catherine Oxenburg's steamy sex scenes in *Over-exposed*? Well, Julia, Kim and Catherine were nowhere near the set when those scenes were being filmed. Instead, film-goers were seeing various body parts of the hardest-working body double in show business.

A body double is not unlike a stuntman. If an actress is too busy, too fat, too skinny or too shy to do revealing shots, producers hire a substitute to go on camera for her.

"A lot (text concluded on page 156)

"Every day, Julia Roberts thanked me," recalls Shelley of her gig subbing for the star of *Pretty Woman*. "In fact, she asked me to work on her next film. To this day, the studio wants me to be quiet about it. They want people to think, Wow, Julia's got this great body. They think it ruins the illusion for the audience. I think they're wrong."







"I seem to be just big enough or just small enough and just curvy enough to fit the actresses and make it look believable," says Shelley. She keeps her body in shape by dancing and practicing martial arts. When she's not body doubling or acting, she sings, does stand-up comedy (including Madonna and Marilyn Monroe impressions) and performs for U.S. troops.





Intelandi

"I love the mode you're in!"

COUNTRY STOCK

april playmate cady
cantrell comes in from
the georgia outdoors for
a taste of the limelight

WHEN Cady Cantrell arrived in Chicago from her current hometown of Atlanta to shoot her Playmate centerfold, she had just finished her first acting class and was eager to try out her new skills. So after a hectic day of photo sessions, we decided to introduce her to a friend from Chicago's Second City group on the city's Near North Side. We're thinking dinner and shoptalk with a rising star of the troupe, John Rubano, before catching his show. Waiting for a table at Trattoria Roma, Rubano points out from the celebrity pictures on the walls shots of Jim Belushi and George Wendt, two of the many actors who got their start at Second City. Nineteen-year-old Cady laughingly calls their predecessors, John Belushi, Dan Aykroyd and Bill Murray, "older comedians—my mom likes them." The 32-year-old Rubano winces. Cady laughs, her 5'7" body shaking and green eyes flashing. The trattoria's other patrons toss her appreciative glances. Her nonchalance at being the center of attention makes it obvious that she's no stranger to it. Is it from her four years as a high school cheerleader, first in Lanett, Alabama, then in Norcross, Georgia? Is it her earlier modeling for Playboy's *Book of Lingerie* and *Bathing Beauties* photo collections? Or was it perhaps her time on the front lines as a waitress at Hooters in Georgia? "No," Cady



"I think a lot of girls would pose for *Playboy* if they had the bodies for it. For me," says Cady, "there is a real sense of joy in not having clothes on. But the surprising thing to me was finding that modeling is hard work." Her love of going natural extends to her nine-to-five job; she works at a landscape gardening firm.





"Shooting outside is wild. We were in the hills about an hour outside Atlanta, and you feel like anybody could drive up at any minute and, well, there you'd be. But I'm comfortable with my body, so I wouldn't really mind. You do have to be more aware, though. I almost got bitten by a black widow spider."







insists, "I've learned a lot more about the realities of life as a good-looking woman from the envious behavior of other women."

Over a dinner of pasta and *pollo Roma* at a table covered with white butcher paper, Cady, serious now, asks John for advice on her fledgling acting career. He suggests that because of her Southern accent, she should employ a voice coach to broaden her range. "But," Cady points out, "Julia Roberts is a Southern girl with an accent, just like me, and she rose to the top quickly." John smiles at her youthful optimism. "Yes, but she doesn't just do Southern accents anymore." It's time for him to get over to the theater to prepare for the evening's show, so he excuses himself. But he has a surprise for Cady. "How about joining us for a small part in the second act?" Suddenly timid, Cady demurs, but we cajole her until she agrees.

The small, scuffed lobby of Second City is mobbed with people waiting to get into the theater, so John escorts us



"These pictures are closest to the real me. I'm really not that rustic at heart—give me frills. Maybe it's because they seem so *Playboy*—you know, glamorous, sensuous settings. I've always admired how sophisticated the women seem. It's not a shock to be here in the magazine for all the world to see—in fact, it's exciting. I've admired the Playmates for a long time."



through a side door to the troupe's equivalent of a balcony seat—a stool at the rail—where we can catch the first act. Throughout the performance, Cady's presence creates a stir—especially when one of the skits refers to her upcoming *Playboy* video and the audience realizes just who that great-looking woman seated at the railing is. For Cady, who is getting nervous about her stage debut, the lights rise for intermission all too soon and it's her turn to go backstage. Her scene opens with Rubano, Steven Carell and Ron West playing musicians panhandling at an airport. They vary their music to suit the foot traffic: *The Yellow Rose of Texas* for a burly fellow in a ten-gallon hat, *Pretty Woman* for a flight attendant in a hurry. Then Cady appears on the arm of Tim O'Malley; they mime an uptight couple studiously avoiding the musicians' entreaties. It's over all too soon—literally a walk-on part. But Cady beams when she returns to her seat. "I've been in Chicago a few times, but before tonight I'd never gone out on the town. Now I've been on stage! My mom's gonna die when she hears."









MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Cady Cantrell

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5' 7" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 9-12-72 BIRTHPLACE: Lanett, Alabama

AMBITIONS: To be a successful actress and model.

TURN-ONS: Fast Cars, simple flowers & romantic music.

TURN-OFFS: Animal abuse, dishonest people & Sunday drivers.

ROLE MODELS: Julia Roberts - she's a Southern gal like me. Barbara Bush - even though she's the first lady, she still seems real and approachable.

IDEAL MAN: Is a dedicated hard worker, physically fit, honest & not afraid to express his feelings.

THANKS TO: God, my parents & Playmate scout Cynthia Kaye.



Jr. High Cheerleader



With my best friend Melissa



Won Sophomore Beauty!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Son, I'm damn proud of you," the retired Marine colonel said to his paratrooper son, slapping him on the back. "Tell me about your first jump."

"I thought I was ready, Dad, but I froze when it was my turn," he said. "Then my sergeant ordered me to jump, but I still couldn't. Finally, he whipped out his dick and said if I didn't jump, he'd shove it up my ass."

"Well," his father barked, "did you jump?"

"Oh, just a little at first."



Mrs. Goldberg lived in a retirement home across the street from the retirement home of her old friend Mrs. Rossini. Meeting one day in the park, Mrs. Rossini asked Mrs. Goldberg how she liked the home. Mrs. Goldberg raved. She said the rooms were clean, the food good and plentiful and the social activities enjoyable. In fact, she said, one of the men she had met was kind of sweet on her. He had dinner with her and took her for walks. If there was a dance, he would be her partner, and after the dance, they would touch each other and sing sentimental songs.

Mrs. Goldberg then asked Mrs. Rossini how she liked her home. Mrs. Rossini also raved. The rooms were clean, she said, the food good and plentiful and the social activities enjoyable. She, too, had a man interested in her. She said after *their* dances, they would touch each other and then, since they didn't know any sentimental songs, they'd fuck.

Why are blonde jokes so short? So brunettes can remember them.

Shortly after helping deliver a healthy baby boy to a pretty young woman, the obstetrician strolled out to the waiting room to inform the father. The only man there was a frail old man of at least 90, who confirmed that he was the proud poppa.

"At your age, how do you do it?" the doctor asked.

"Two of my sons put me on and three take me off," the old fellow replied.

"If it takes two to put you on, why does it take three to take you off?"

"'Cause I put up a hell of a fight."

Jack and Mugs, two second-story men from Flatbush, were comparing notes on recent burglaries. "Didja get anything on that last heist?" Jack asked.

"Nuttin' at all," Mugs admitted. "Toins out da guy that lives there's a lawyer."

"Jeez, ain't that da breaks," his friend sympathized. "Didja lose anything?"

What do you call a lawyer with an I.Q. of 50? Your Honor.

A prominent businessman was sent this ransom message: "If you want to see your wife again, bring \$50,000 to the 17th green of the country-club golf course at ten o'clock sharp on Friday morning."

He didn't arrive on the 17th green until noon. A masked man stepped from behind some bushes and growled, "What the hell took you so long? You're two hours late."

"Hey, gimme a break," the husband pleaded. "I have a twenty-seven handicap."



After falling from the deck of a cruise ship, a drunkard washed up on the beach of a deserted island. As he staggered along the sand, his foot kicked a bottle and a genie emerged, offering him three wishes. Without hesitation, the drunk wished for a whiskey bottle that would never run dry. As soon as it appeared, the fellow took a healthy swig from it. The bottle remained full. Again, he drank deeply from the bottle and, again, it remained filled to the brim. As he was about to lift the bottle to his lips once more, the genie reminded him that he still had two wishes coming.

"Oh, yeah," the drunk said, swaying in the breeze. "Let me have two more bottles just like this one."

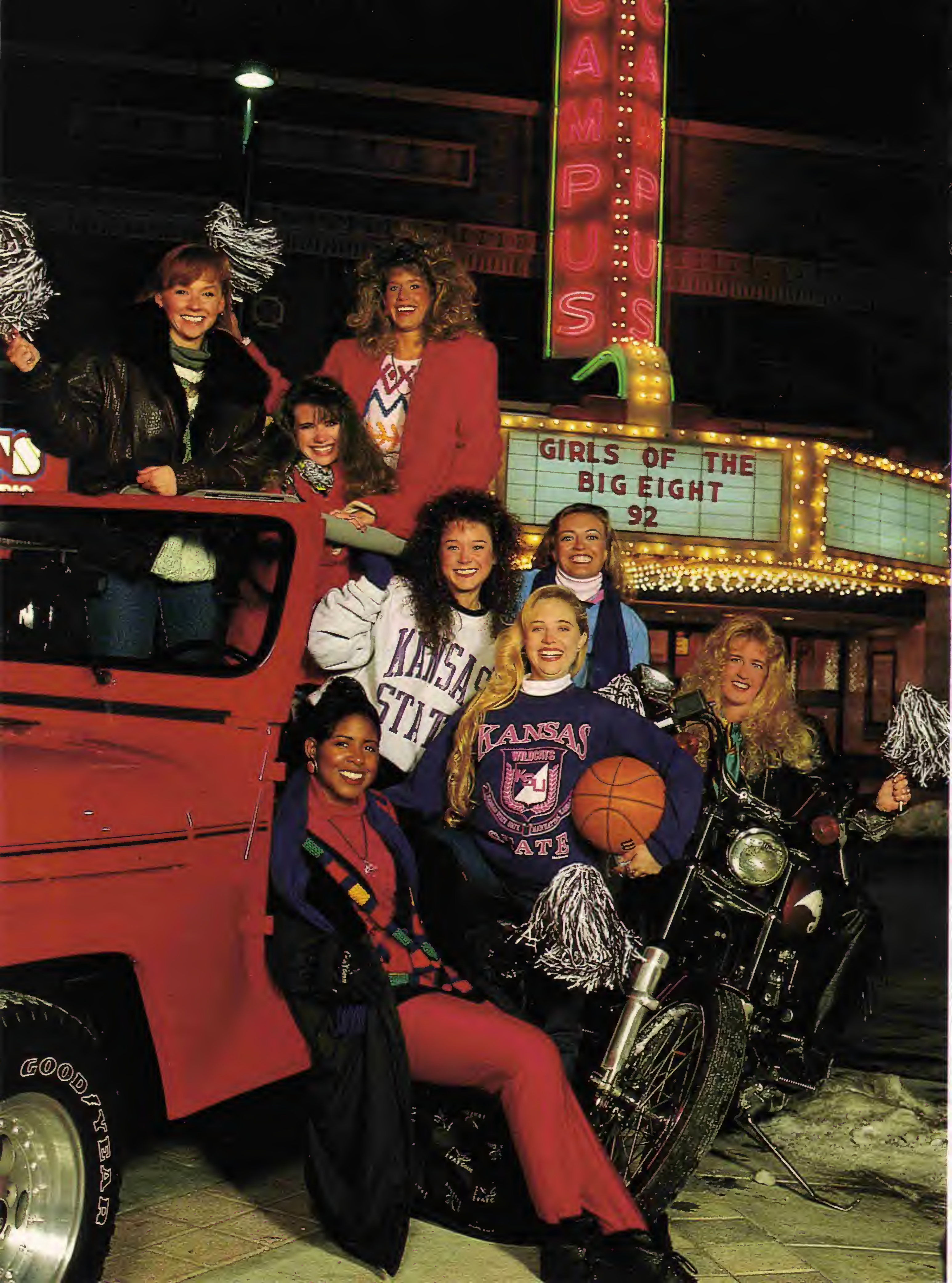
Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Thank heaven they're finally starting to worry about the greenhouse effect!"



"And I wuv oo, too, tweetheart."



GIRLS OF THE
BIG EIGHT
92

CAMPUS

KANSAS
STATE

KANSAS
WILDCATS
STATE

GOODYEAR



GIRLS OF THE BIG EIGHT

ten years later, we're back for a better look

A DECADE AGO, *Playboy* sent Contributing Photographer David Chan to the nation's Great Plains in search of middle America's comeliest coeds—the girls of the Big Eight Conference. A clutch of colleges nestled between the Rockies and the Mississippi (with schools in Colorado, Iowa, Missouri and Nebraska and two each in Kansas and Oklahoma), the Big Eight marks the bull's-eye of the continental U.S.—geographically *and* culturally. The ladies of the conference, we reported in 1982, were a ripe representation of the country's college crowd, including “flower children, sorority people, freaky people, punk people, *everybody*.” And as Chan's portfolio proved, they were beautiful to boot. But now it's a decade later. Would a return visit to the country's cornfields reap as bountiful a harvest as the first trip? We sent Chan back to Big Eight country and he captured some scenery you won't find in the *Farmer's Almanac*. “It was staggering,” says Managing Photo Editor Jeff Cohen. “More than 200 women showed up in Colorado alone—with similar turnouts in Missouri, Nebraska and Iowa. And each one looked prettier than the last.” We narrowed the plentiful crop to a breathtaking 41 ladies. (Pick your favorite and help her win \$5000 to further her education. See details on page 143.) So enjoy—and, hey, welcome back.

Lighting up the night on the facing page are these Kansas Staters: Top row, Aimey Toyne, Joelle Prostler and Shannon Greenwood; middle row, Gail Anson and Donna Matthew; bottom row, Eve Wilson, Teri Taylor and Julie Oaks. Meanwhile, representing the Big Eight's other Sunflower State contingent is U of K's Gindy Schuetz (top left), who hails from the town of Hiawatha, Kansas. A family girl who enjoys “helping others and feeling needed,” Gindy relaxes by lifting weights. Budding songstress Monica Dodd (playing snow bunny, top right) comes to us from the U of Colorado, where she's a freshman majoring in communications. “I love making music,” she tells us—adding that she also craves “a nice dinner, chocolate, cheesecake and calories!” (You'd never know it.) Oklahoma State's Stacy Leigh Clarke (right) is a graphic-design major originally from Tulsa. A loyal sorority sister and true outdoorswoman, Stacy confesses a certain unpredictability. “My friends say they like me because I always do the unexpected,” says the stunning sophomore. “And I enjoy a challenge. The harder you work for something, the more rewarding it is in the end.”

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN





Kelly Harmon (above left) is a Salt Lake City native currently majoring in physical education at the U of Kansas. Partial to daisies and credit cards (and not so wild about green vegetables and credit-card bills), Kelly hopes one day to teach inner-city kids. All dressed up for a night on the town (above right) are seven of U of Nebraska's finest. Seated, from left, are Meredith Timberlake, Maria Zoe Cacho and Kristin Busskohl; standing are Rhonda Young, Jodi Diaz, Jill Murray and Tamara Singh. Who are the guys? Let's just call them lucky. Hoping to become a top interior decorator—and, along the way, rich—is Dee McKenzie (taking her cue at left), a part-time d.j. from Kansas State. Dee is thankful for the support she gets "in everything I do," especially from her parents and (sigh) husband.



Andronica Thayer (above left) is a native New Yorker now hitting the books at the U of Nebraska. An English major who hopes to enter law school, Andronica says this of her *Playboy* appearance: "My father thinks I should have been photographed in a ski mask so his friends at work wouldn't recognize me and tease him." We're glad she didn't take Dad's advice. To Andronica's right is Oklahoma State's Jill-Marie Siegfried, an art appreciator who is fast compiling an impressive list of credits: She's an honors student, has traveled to Europe twice, trains birds to perform ("I teach them to talk and do stupid pet tricks") and plans to enter graduate school. The only things she's not crazy about: "chauvinistic men and women with P.M.S." Singer, dancer and future movie star Hali Riley (right) hasn't yet decided on a major at the U of Missouri, but that doesn't stop her from having fun. "I love guys and clothes and every kind of music and dance," she says. "I have a hard time getting into clubs, so I go to a lot of parties. I'm usually the first person to put on the music and begin dancing. I love to be the center of attention." We like her that way, too.





Until she strikes gold as a real estate wizard, U of Kansas' Gretchen Provines (above left) is going to play. An avid roller-blader, singer and cook, Gretchen slows down only for "romantic moonlit walks." Soaking up the local color (above right) are Trish Susan Boell (left) and Kelly Trunkle—both Iowa Staters and future broadcast journalists. Kelly was fated to appear in *Playboy*: She once portrayed a Playmate in a school play. Nikki Merle (below) is a cheerleader and engineering major at Kansas. Her ambition: to be a great mom.





When model and future actress Tina Lavon Wahl (left) enrolled at the U of Oklahoma, she was just keeping things all in the family. "My mother, brother and I all attend OU," says the psychology major, who admits that, of the three, her brother is the best student. Tina also studies physical therapy, works with disadvantaged children and, in her spare time, enjoys body-shaping, writing and watching football. Oklahoma State's Robyn Rae Bonfy (below) is the perfect embodiment of her native Kansas. "I like go-carting, sewing, easygoing people, romance, sunsets and helping my dad on the farm," says the bright-eyed junior. "And I also like country dancing." An accomplished rider, she's also a loyal family girl. "My family is supportive of whatever choices I make—in fact, my dad is the one who urged me to pose for *Playboy*." Robyn has her future all mapped out. "I'll get my Ph.D. in psychology, travel, then open up my own clothing store." We'll be the first in line.





Name the type of dance and U of Colorado's Dee Oliver (enjoying nature, above) has already mastered it—ballet, modern, even creative movement for children. She began dancing when she was three and is currently kicking her heels to the tune of a four-year dance scholarship at UC. Born in Boulder, Dee also likes skiing, sailing and "reading in bed when it's snowing." From the U of Nebraska is Angela Pruess (left), a junior majoring in elementary education. She's a self-professed people person whose vocational ambition is heartfelt: "I want to make a difference in this world through my teaching. It's the way to give the greatest gift of all: knowledge." Jessica Thompson (below) studies advertising at the U of Missouri, but, boy, does she know how to let her hair down: She spends summers water-skiing, loves to dance and shoot pool and savors "intimate evenings with my boyfriend and wild nights out with the girls."





U of Colorado's Judy Hernandez (above) is a psychology major from Pueblo who hopes to teach exceptional children after she graduates. Among the things that keep Judy jazzed: warm nights, white roses, her six-foot pet boa constrictor and her husband—not necessarily in that order. When the final school bell has rung, Iowa State's Therese Bulver (right) plans to take the business world by storm. Until then, the Iowa native (who's one of five girls) is content chilling out—or warming up—with trips to Florida beaches. If you happen to run into Iowa State's Andrea Cooper (below) at a nightclub, be sure you know your stuff before asking her to dance. "I like seductive, exciting dancing," says the health student, whose dance-floor savvy ranges from ballroom to ballet. When the music stops, where would Andrea like to wind up? "In my own house by a lake in the mountains."





Brenda Throm (left) is doing the pre-veterinary grind at the U of Missouri, hoping eventually to launch a practice. When she's not exploring the animal world, she works as a doughnut maker and keeps up with the ice-hockey action of the St. Louis Blues. Below is OU's Candy Duke, whose passions include numbers (she's an accounting major), exercise (she teaches aerobics) and theater (she wants to be an actress). We'll introduce the trio at near right from top to bottom: Kelly Nicholson is a volleyball enthusiast from U of Oklahoma who grew up on a farm—where she rode horses "and even learned to bale hay." The pretty premed student plans to become a surgeon or radiologist. Laurie Austin came to the U of Missouri from her native Florida—and she may stay put. "Florida is nice to visit," says the future lawyer, "but the Midwest is the place to be. People here are real." The U of Nebraska's Kristin McIntosh is confined to a wheelchair and she wants you to know about it. "I'm interested in encouraging awareness about disabled people," she says, "especially their potential for attractiveness and sensuality." An English major with a thing for "mystical creatures, fairies and pixies," Kristin wants to write children's books. Finally, say hi to U of Oklahoma's Di-
anne Morris (far right). "I'm usually a very shy person," says the Houston native and political science major. "But the people from *Playboy* made me feel comfortable." Glad we could help.





WANT TO LEARN MORE ABOUT PLAYBOY'S WOMEN OF THE BIG EIGHT?



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10 ANSON, GAIL (KS STATE), p. 114
11 AUSTIN, LAURIE (U OF MO), p. 123
12 BOELL, TRISH SUSAN (IA STATE), p. 118
13 BONFY, ROBYN RAE (OK STATE), p. 119
14 BULVER, THERESE (IA STATE), p. 121
15 BUSSKOHL, KRISTIN (U OF NE), p. 116
16 CACHO, MARIA ZOE (U OF NE), p. 116
17 CLARKE, STACY LEIGH (OK STATE), p. 115
18 COOPER, ANDREA (IA STATE), p. 121
19 DIAZ, JODI (U OF NE), p. 116
20 DODD, MONICA (U OF CO), p. 115
21 DUKE, CANDY (U OF OK), p. 122
22 GREENWOOD, SHANNON (KS STATE), p. 114
23 HARMON, KELLY (U OF KS), p. 116

24 HERNANDEZ, JUDY (U OF CO), p. 121
25 MATTHEW, DONNA (KS STATE), p. 114
26 McINTOSH, KRISTIN (U OF NE), p. 123
27 McKENZIE, DEE (KS STATE), p. 116
28 MERLE, NIKKI (U OF KS), p. 118
29 MORRIS, DIANNE (U OF OK), p. 123
30 MURRAY, JILL (U OF NE), p. 116
31 NICHOLSON, KELLY (U OF OK), p. 123
32 OAKS, JULIE (KS STATE), p. 114
33 OLIVER, DEE (U OF CO), p. 120
34 PROSTLER, JOELLE (KS STATE), p. 114
35 PROVINES, GRETCHEN (U OF KS), p. 118
36 PRUESS, ANGELA (U OF NE), p. 120
37 RILEY, HALI (U OF MO), p. 117

38 SCHUETZ, GINDY (U OF KS), p. 115
39 SIEGFRIED, JILL-MARIE (OK STATE), p. 117
40 SINGH, TAMARA (U OF NE), p. 116
41 TAYLOR, TERI (KS STATE), p. 114
42 THAYER, ANDRONICA (U OF NE), p. 117
43 THOMPSON, JESSICA (U OF MO), p. 120
44 THROM, BRENDA (U OF MO), p. 122
45 TIMBERLAKE, MEREDITH (U OF NE), p. 116
46 TOYNE, AIMEY (KS STATE), p. 114
47 TRUNKLE, KELLY (IA STATE), p. 118
48 WAHL, TINA LAVON (U OF OK), p. 119
49 WILSON, EVE (KS STATE), p. 114
50 YOUNG, RHONDA (U OF NE), p. 116

*VOTING MUST BE COMPLETED BY APRIL 30TH.

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"Gee, honey, I'm sorry, but you did say to talk dirty."

READING SINGLES BAR BODY LANGUAGE

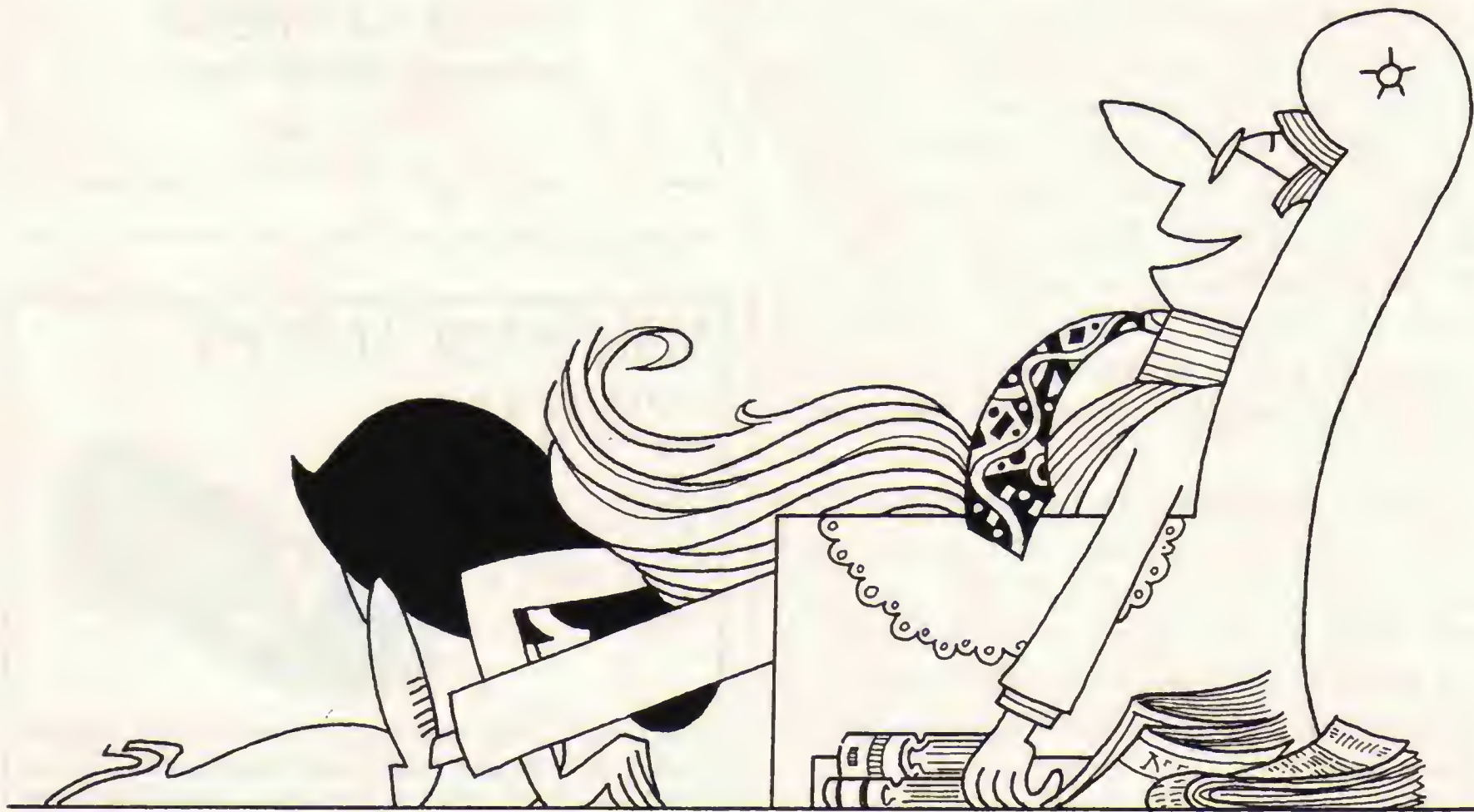
Lesson no. 3:

HOW TO TELL WHEN
YOU DON'T HAVE TO
BUY HER ANY MORE
DRINKS....

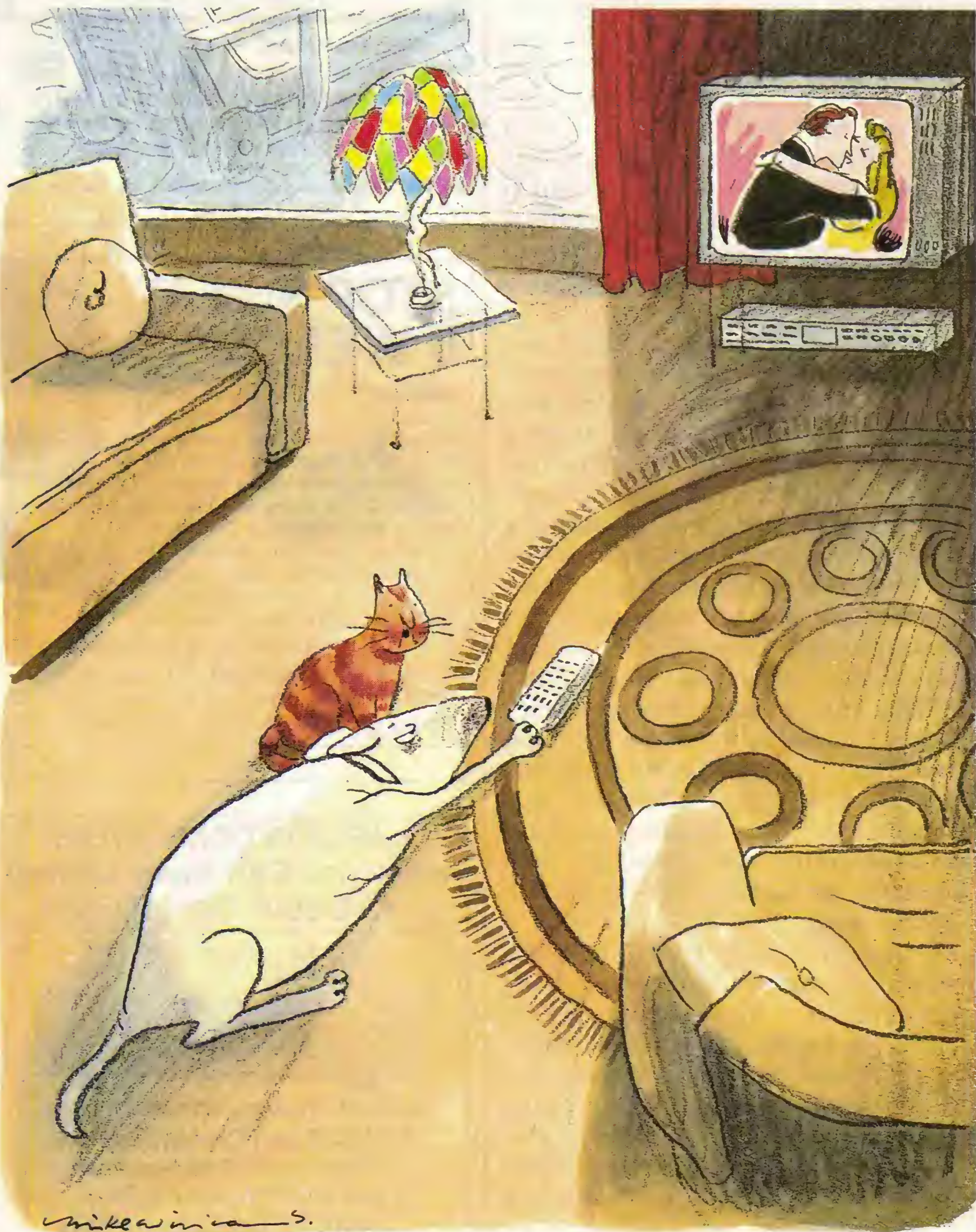




"To you, it's doing the dishes. To me, it's foreplay."



“It’s not fair! Whenever we talk politics, you just blow away all my best arguments.”



"Life must have been hell for you before remote control."



*"How can you be serious about me when you're
still going steady with Jennifer?"*

fabric of his financial kingdom was coming apart. People often obsess over tiny details when they can't cope with the menacing whole, and, as the Eighties staggered to a close, Charlie Keating was running scared.

He wasn't the only one, for he hadn't been alone in building pyramids on the decade's shifting sands. He was only practicing on a smaller scale what the federal government was doing in broad daylight, with the voters' eager assent—stealing from the poor to enrich the rich. If he held out his hand and said, "Here, look at these magic beans. I'm going to plant them and grow a beanstalk that will let all of us climb to the clouds," no one else shouted, "Nonsense, that's just an ordinary bunch of garbanzos," because climbing to the clouds had become a national passion.

But poor Jack of the original beanstalk

was a self-deluded fool. Charlie knew better, constantly preached better, while doing his devious worst—to the small investors who thought his word was his bond, to the employees who bought his blather about boundless success and to all the rest of us, who'll be paying for his sins long after he's gone.

As part of the Keating legacy at the Phoenician, the maids who turn back guests' covers at night still leave little booklets, entitled *Stories for Bedtime*, propped against the pillows (Charlie preferred light reading to foil-wrapped chocolates). On the last page of a recent issue, under "Thoughts to set sail by," the final entry reads:

"In today's uncertain and deceptive world, it's good to be a man of principal—and to put it in the right bank."



DOUBLE VISION

(continued from page 74)

of times, the actress has had a baby or hasn't been able to work out because she's been busy with the script. Or she has a bruise or something like that," explains 28-year-old Shelley.

Other times, the star's body just isn't up to expectations. Vanity, by the way, is not exclusive to women. Men also use body doubles—in fact, both Michael Douglas and Clint Eastwood have used the same actor to portray their hands.

Touchstone, the studio behind *Pretty Woman*, urged Shelley to remain quiet about her role as Julia Roberts' body double (rumor has it that Julia was, shall we say, a tad thin). Touchstone used the same technique to spice up the movie poster of Julia and co-star Richard Gere standing back to back. In reality, a photo of Julia's head was superimposed on a picture of yet another body double.

"We've had Westerns that have been going on for two thousand years and we know that the actor is not falling off the building, not risking his life. But body doubling remains hush-hush," complains Shelley.

That seems to be changing, as more body doubles get some credit for their work. Usually, the stars are grateful. Kim Basinger personally chose Shelley after viewing countless pairs of legs at an audition. She later asked Shelley to fill a similar role doing some nudity on her new movie *Final Analysis*. Anne Archer recently had Shelley perform as her stand-in during sex scenes with Dennis Hopper in a made-for-cable movie. "You've added ten years to my career," Archer reportedly told Shelley.

Shelley, who spent four years wearing short shorts in Nair commercials, is much in demand as a double and gets top dollar—\$750 a day. She has insured her legs for \$1,000,000 with Lloyd's of London. But the best news, she reports, is that casting directors are suddenly interested in putting her parts together in one package.

"Now I'm getting the opportunity to prove myself from the neck up," she says. "I'm looking for a good lead part. One of my goals is to be the next James Bond girl. I've turned my dancing into martial arts and I can really kick and stuff. These legs aren't just for beauty."

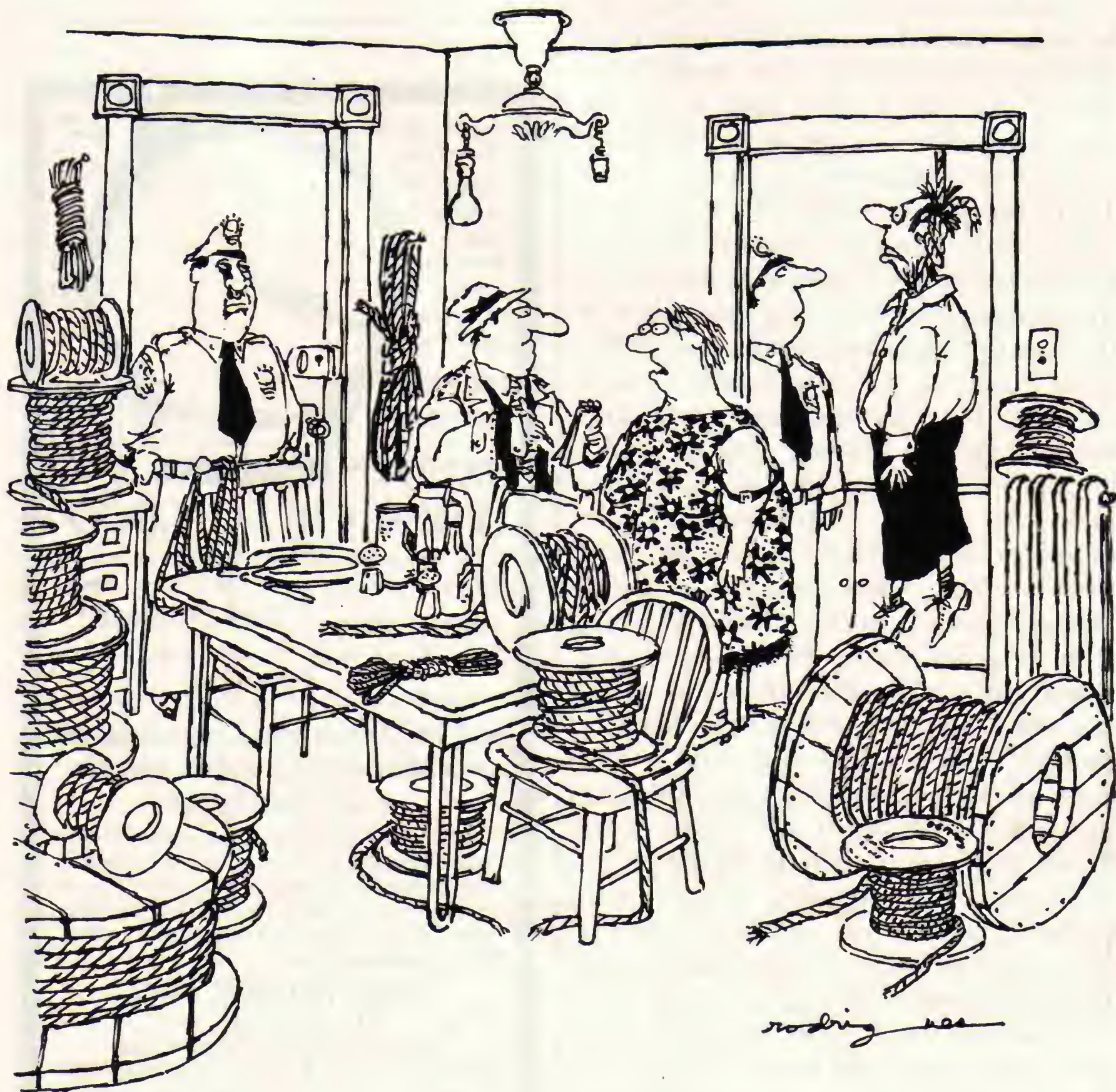
Shelley plans to continue doubling—"It pays the rent"—and she has been approached by two major stars, one of them a well-known Oscar winner, to disrobe in their stead. But much of her energy is now focused on her own career as an actress. "I look at it this way," she says. "In the first thing I did, *My Stepmother Is an Alien*, I was putting on nylons. So I've literally started at the bottom—my feet—and I'm working up to my face."



"I knew the apple was forbidden, but I had no idea this was a national park!"

THE NINTH WONDER OF THE ANCIENT WORLD
THE GREAT MALL OF ATLANTIS





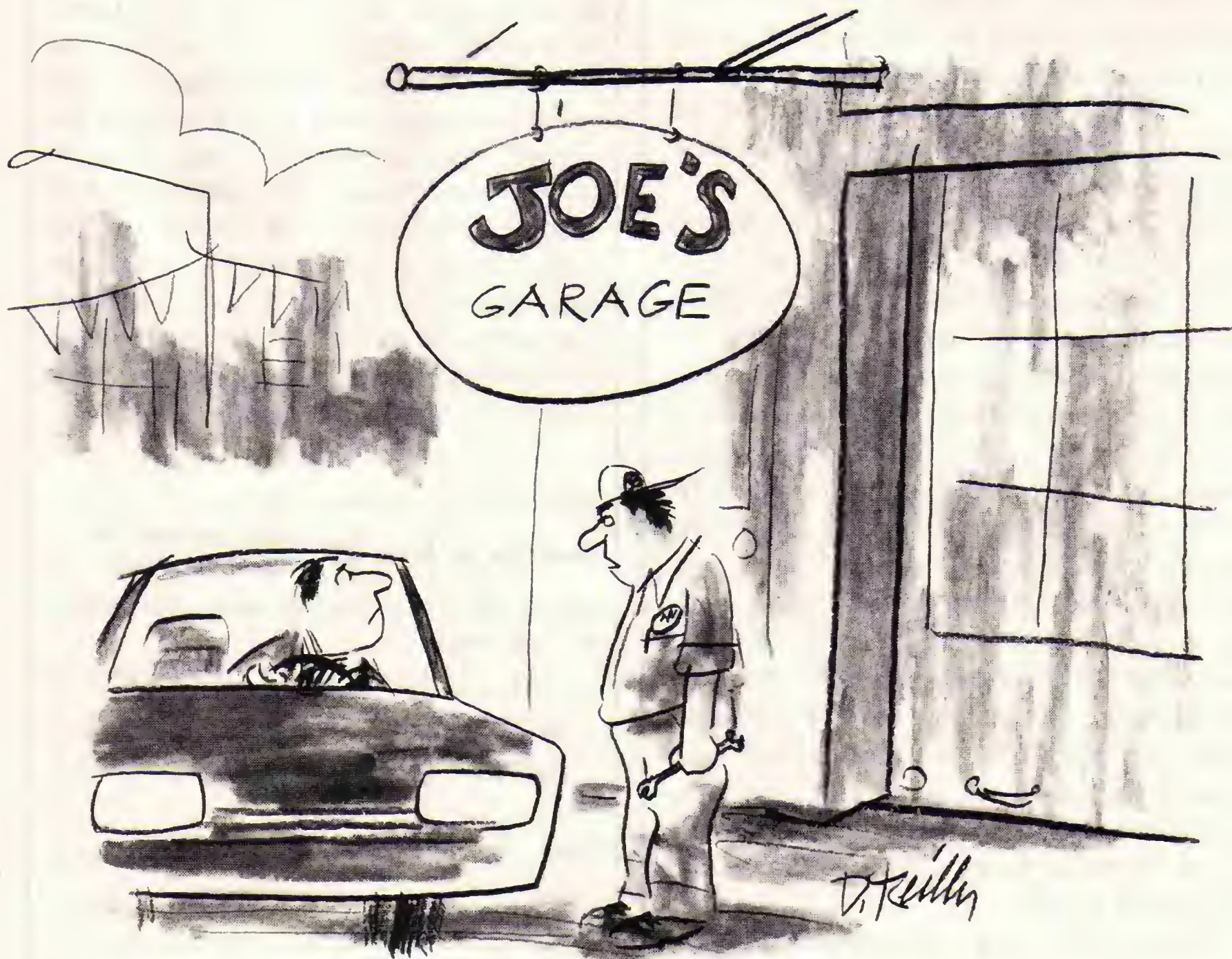
"I figured if I gave him enough rope, he'd hang himself."



*"OK, y' don't want to
exchange names, y' don't want any long-term
commitments. Do y' still want
the hundred bucks?"*



*"Gentlemen, meet Erik—he'll be doing
the choreography for our caper."*



"Sorry, we don't know how to fix American cars."

She's Getting Exposure

Performance artist and actress ANN MAGNUSON can be seen on TV in *Anything But Love*, but if you want to see more, check out her video, *Power of Pussy*, with Bongwater. Meow.



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Just Call Us April's Fools

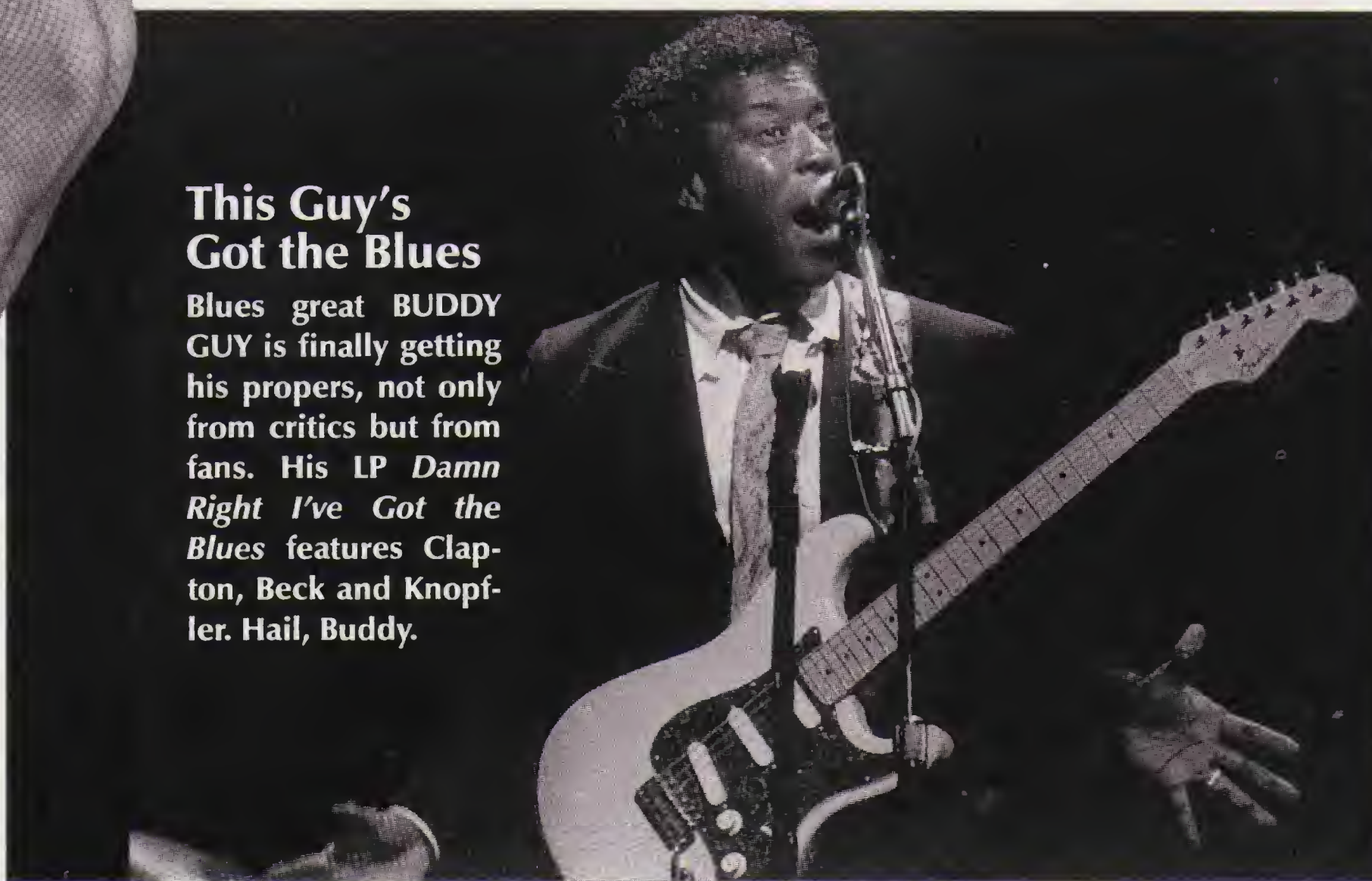
Model/actress APRIL JOHNSON is our salute to spring. She was spotted in *Body Parts* and *Vista Street* and has appeared in swimsuit videos and on The Playboy Channel. It's the right month for April.



© JILL GREENBERG/RETNA

This Guy's Got the Blues

Blues great BUDDY GUY is finally getting his props, not only from critics but from fans. His LP *Damn Right I've Got the Blues* features Clapton, Beck and Knopfler. Hail, Buddy.



© PAUL NATHAN/PHOTO RESERVE INC



Splish-Splash Dave's Hanging Out in the Bath

Singer/producer/arranger/guitarist DAVE STEWART is taking a break between playing in Europe with the Spiritual Cowboys tour and gearing up for another Eurythmics album next year. He's holding out on the bubbles.

Tough Steele

Have you heard CHRISSY STEELE? The album is called *Magnet to Steele*, the single is *Love You 'Til It Hurts*. Also listen for *Love Don't Last Forever*, while Chrissy keeps you abreast of the Nineties.



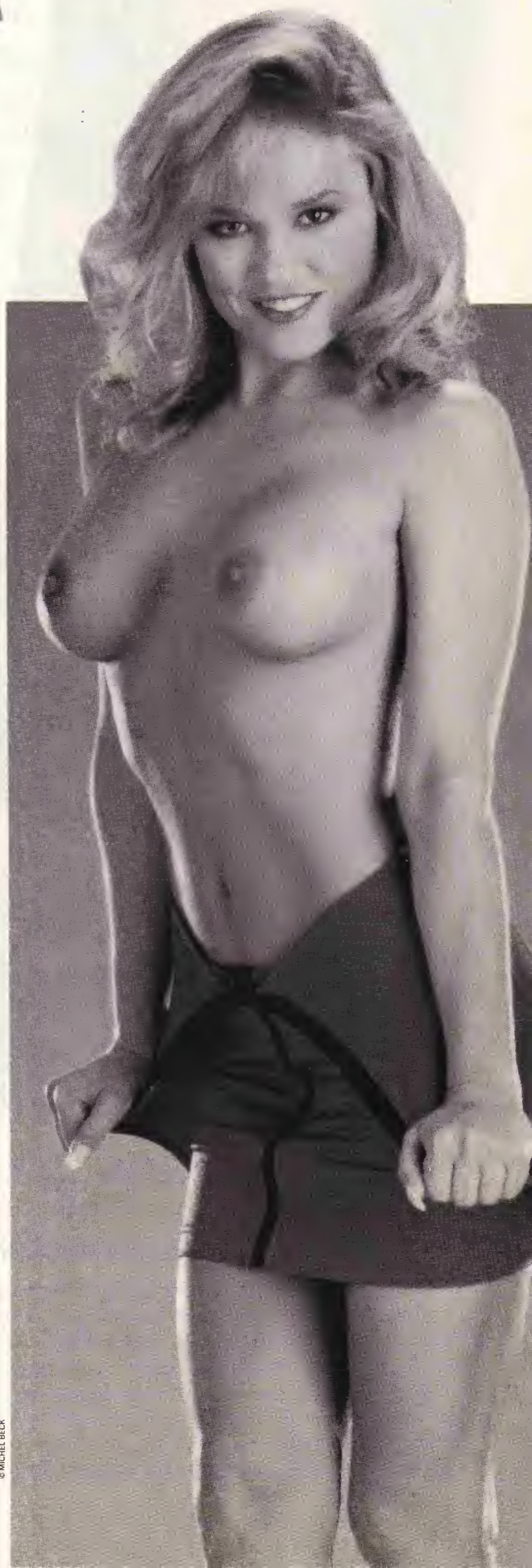
A Ford for Your Future

Actress MARIA FORD looks totally innocent, but don't be fooled. The B-movie starlet's upcoming film, *Innocent Blood* (with Brad Dourif), is an erotic thriller.



Lisa's Busting Out All Over

There is always a chance you got a look at actress LISA BOYLE in such movies as *Earth Girls Are Easy*, *Beverly Hills Brats* and *She's Having a Baby*, but if you didn't, here's Lisa nearly unwrapped.



GRANDSTAND PLAY

For those of you baseball fans who don't have the \$3500 it takes to attend a fantasy baseball camp, there's Grandstand Cards—personalized baseball cards that resemble the ones your mother threw away years ago. Only these have your picture on them along with pertinent information on the back of the card on how you bat and throw, your nickname, favorite team, hobbies and activities and more. Two hundred cards cost \$42 sent to Grandstand Cards, 22647 Ventura Boulevard, Suite 192, Woodland Hills, California 91364. Grandstand will also need a good black-and-white or color photo of yourself—or whomever you want to appear on a card.



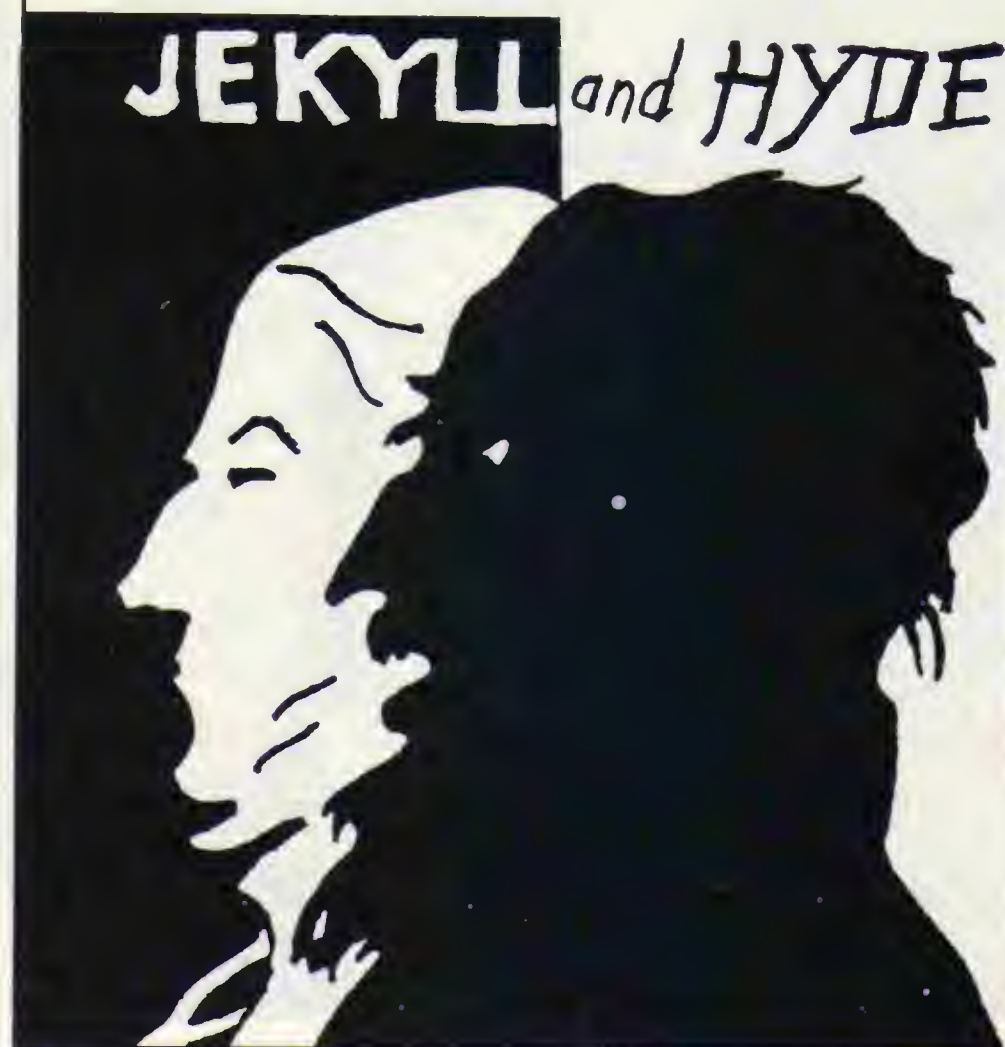
LET'S HEAR IT FOR ED SULLIVAN

1001 Sundays, Inc., in conjunction with TVT Records, has released *The Sullivan Years*, four CDs/cassettes that capture the best of more than two decades of *The Ed Sullivan Show* in four categories: rock classics, Sixties rock, big-band all-stars and comedy classics. Janis Joplin, the Band, Benny Goodman, Joan Rivers, George Carlin and other stars in the making can be heard in early performances. The sound is really big and the price is really right: \$14 for a CD, \$9 for a cassette.



JEKYLL AND HYDE TO SEEK

Jekyll and Hyde, billed as "a restaurant and social club for explorers and mad scientists," has opened at 91 Seventh Avenue South in Manhattan, and if you like a dining experience that's "bizarre and unexpected," this is *the* place. Special effects include a skeleton that talks and plays the piano and a Frankenstein's monster that descends from the ceiling in a cloud of smoke. Our kind of joint.



THE LAUGHING CHRIST

THE LAUGHING CHRIST

Back in January 1970, *Playboy* published an opinion piece by Harvey Cox in which he conjectured that Jesus was a joyous revolutionary rather than a melancholy ascetic. *For Christ's Sake* was illustrated by Chicago fine artist Fred Berger and reproductions of this painting, *The Laughing Christ*, have been one of our most requested works. Now a 21"x20" offset poster on heavy vellum paper is available for \$28.50, postpaid, by calling 800-258-1995 (refer to order AAFB-122) or sending a check to Special Editions Ltd., P.O. Box 632, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60009.

NEXT MONTH



TEXAS STUNNER



BASEBALL PREVIEW



CAR TALK



BOUNTIFUL BRIDES

"IMPOSSIBLE VACATION"—OUR HERO TRAVELS TO INDIA AND AMSTERDAM ON A SINGULAR MISSION TO TEST THE TANTRIC IDEA THAT EXCESSIVE INDULGENCE IN SEX FREES ONE OF THE NEED FOR IT—BY **SPALDING GRAY**

"THE JOE AND KURT SHOW"—TWO BEST CHUMS, NOVELISTS **JOSEPH HELLER** AND **KURT VONNEGUT**, HAVE AN ANIMATED CHAT ABOUT LIFE, LOVE, WOMEN AND WAR—BY **CAROLE MALLORY**

"IN THE COMPANY OF COYOTES"—OUT WHERE THE RANCHERS RULE, A CRACK HUNTER KILLS SOME OF NATURE'S MOST BEAUTIFUL CREATURES. BUT IT'S NOT AS SINFUL AS ENVIRONMENTALISTS MIGHT HAVE US BELIEVE—BY **ELIZABETH ROYTE**

"HERE COME THE BRIDES"—BRITISH PHOTOGRAPHER **BYRON NEWMAN** UNVEILS THE MAY BRIDES—AND THEY'RE NOT BLUSHING. SAY "I DO" TO THIS UNTRADITIONAL *PLAYBOY* PICTORIAL

"PLAYBOY'S 1992 BASEBALL PREVIEW"—ENJOY THE GOLDEN ERA OF BASEBALL BECAUSE, BY 1993, IT'LL BE GOING, GOING, GONE—BY **KEVIN COOK**

"THE WORST SENATOR IN AMERICA"—ONE MAN STANDS OUT AMONG HIS SHABBY PEERS IN THE SENATE—**AL D'AMATO**—WHOSE CAREER WAS BORN IN THE OOZE OF MACHINE POLITICS AND GREW IN THE SLIME OF OPPORTUNISTIC FRIENDS AND RELATIONS—A *PLAYBOY* PROFILE BY **JOE CONASON** AND **JACK NEWFIELD**

BONE UP ON YOUR CLASSICAL LATINO WITH **JOHN "MAMBO MOUTH" LEGUIZAMO**, AS HE DESCRIBES HIS PASSIONATE LOVE OF THE IRISH AND THE THRILL OF DATING A TALL WOMAN, AND REVEALS WHY HE HAS TO LAUGH WHEN ANGLOS JOIN A CONGA LINE IN A RHYTHMIC **"20 QUESTIONS"**

MICHAEL JORDAN, ARGUABLY THE GREATEST BASKETBALL PLAYER PLAYING, TALKS ABOUT ATHLETES WHO RISK IT ALL FOR GROUPIES, LIFE AS A SPORTS LEGEND AND WHY HE TOOK UP COOKING AND SEWING IN THE SEVENTH GRADE IN A SLAM-DUNK **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

PLUS: MEET PLAYMATE **VICKIE SMITH**, A STUNNER FROM THE LONE STAR STATE; **PLAYBOY'S QUARTERLY AUTOMOTIVE REPORT**; AND MUCH MORE